

THE
Wooden World
DISSECTED:
In the CHARACTER of
A SHIP of WAR:

AS ALSO,

The Characters of all the Officers,
from the CAPTAIN to the Common
Sailor;

VIZ.

I. A SEA-CAPTAIN.
II. A SEA-LIEUTENANT.
III. A SEA-CHAPLAIN.
IV. The MASTER of a
Ship of War.
V. The PURSER.
VI. The SURGEON.
VII. The GUNNER.

VIII. The CARPENTER.
IX. The BOATSWAIN.
X. A SEA-COOK.
XI. A MIDSHIPMAN.
XII. The CAPTAIN'S
STEWARD.
XIII. A SAILOR.

By the AUTHOR of the LONDON SPY.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

EDINBURGH.

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THE

LIBRARY

DISSEMINATION

OF INFORMATION

AND KNOWLEDGE



By the Author of the

First Edition

of the

Second Edition

of the

TO THE
READER.

FINDING, some few Days past,
the Warmth and Serenity of the
Air begin to change a pace, and
wet, thick, cloudy Weather pop in
at once upon us, I began to cast about,
which Way I had best provide against so
threatening dull a Season.

After a few pensive wavering Thoughts,
at length I fixed on that of Painting,
which is by all allowed to be no less in-
genious than diverting; but for it many
a Gentleman would have abundance of
idle Hours, and dirty Days, lie heavy
on his Hands, which, by this harmless
Amusement, are neither felt nor thought
on.

As for the following Piece, it was the
first that offered to my Fancy, and ap-
peared to me altogether new, tho' the
Materials are very common and ordina-
ry; yet not so ordinary, but that they
can fully answer the End proposed, which

To the Reader.

is, to draw the Picture of the most glorious Piece of the Creation, called A Tar, which no Colours can perform so well to the Life, as Black and White; for those, justly disposed, produce Figures much more agreeable and diverting, than all the other Colours of the Rain-bow.

It is easy to perceive, that there is no one Particular here design'd; and Generals do always admit of Exceptions. We have some Captains in the Navy, as much the Glory of our Isle, as are the Ships they command; I need not trumpet forth their Names, for they give such daily Proofs of their Courage, Affability, Generosity, Justice, and Probity, as make them sufficiently known to all good Men, and raiseth them above the Censure of the Malicious.

But these Exceptions being not many, no more does prejudice the Justness of these ensuing Descriptions, than Balaam and Lucian's Asses do the stated Definition of that remarkable Creature, That it is an Animal superlatively grave and thoughtful, but was never once heard to speak three Words of Sense or Reason.

As

To the Reader.

As for the Performance itself, it is but an Essay, nay, only the first rude Strokes of a Novice; and Jam'd Kneller, no-doubt, when first he touch'd the Pencil, brought forth such imperfect Productions, as required the Hand of a Penman below, to make his Design legible.

But the rough Draught of a Novice is the Devil, you'll say! I own it: I perceive full well, that none of the Characters, but what are a great deal short of their full Height, that a Multitude of lively Strokes are wanting in each; and even those that are hit, have nothing of that Smoothness and Embellishment which the Dignity of the Personages does merit.

But the plain Truth is, being, by an unexpected Turn, commanded over the Hills and far away, and all Mankind knowing, that Wind and Tide will stay for no Body, I am, by all this, so stinted, that there has been but very little more Time allotted to the composing, than many would ask to the bare transcribing of the Work.

Permit

To the Reader.

Permit it therefore, as it is, to hang
in View at the Horse-Guards, Men-
se-Gate, Bread-Street Corner, or some
such eminent Place of Sale, till more Lei-
sure, or a better Hand, amend it.

Portsmouth, Nov.

the 24th, 1706.

THE

T H E

Character of a SHIP of WAR.

IT is a wooden World, fabricated by the frail Hand of Man, and yet is of a more firm Contexture than the great One, if we may believe old Sages, who tell us, that this would drop to pieces, if but one Atom only was wanting; whereas our Wood-Creation holds firm together, when batter'd worse than a Bawdy-house.

It is *Noah's* Ark improved to the best Advantage, with all the tame Beasts garbled out, that hate the Smell of Gun-powder.

It is a floating Castle, or airy Fortress rather, being governed by the Motions of the Wind, and flies so far, that no Bird in Nature, but a Woodcock, can hold way with it.

It is the most admirable swimming Contrivance that ever mortal Thought brought forth, for the Ruin of all that long for it; as far surpassing both in
A Design

Design and Success, the *quondam* Bawdy-house on the *Thames*, as *St. Paul's Church* doth *Doctor Burges's* Conventicle.

It is the great Bridge of the Ocean, conveying over to all habitable Places Death, Pox and Drunkenness; and brings back, in return, all the foreign Vices that we are Strangers to in our own Country.

It is the great Wooden Horse of Nature, for the Accommodation of all such as want to ride in post-haste from one World to the other.

It is the Sovereign of the Aquatic Globe, giving despotick Laws to all the meaner Fry, that live upon that shining Empire.

It is the *New-Bridewell* of the Nation, where all the incorrigible Rascals are sent, to wear out Ropes, and make more Work for the Hempen Whores in *London*.

It is the Christian Sanctuary for *non-solvent* Debtors, and unfortunate Whoremasters, who are no less secured here than Miscreants of old at the Horns of the Altar.

It

It is *Old Nick's Academy*, where the seven liberal Sciences of Swearing, Drinking, Thieving, Whoring, Killing, Couzening, and Backbiting, are taught to full Perfection.

It is the mighty Guardian of our Island, defending us all around from foreign Dangers, as watchfully as a Mastiff does an Orchard.

It is the grand Patron of all mechanic Traders, by sinking and destroying one Half of their Manufactures, to bring the other Half to a good Market.

It is the grand Benefactor to Shipping and Sailors, by easing them of Part of their Cargo, that they may the better run from Danger, and taking care of their Men when the toilsome Voyage is over.

It is the illustrious Emblem of vain Man, who fancies himself immortal in his Children, because they are called by his Name; when, God knows, they have scarce one Inch of Timber of the Fabric they are christen'd by, the new *Sovereign* being no more the old one, than a Cabbage is a Horse, because sprung from Horse-dung.

In fine, it is *Belzebub's* grand Arsenal, where you meet so much Tumult, Thunder, Fire and Smoak, sometimes, that *Old Nick* himself cannot know which way to turn himself.

Here lies all the infernal Engines that cast forth *Lucifer's* Thunder-bolts, rang'd in Rows, like the Surgeon's Gally-pots; and hard it is to tell which of either doth the most execution; what the first misleth, the other makes sure of, and both together send more poor Souls to the Devil, than the very Devils themselves do. Hence we may infer too, that it is old *Charon's* Plague, sending him more at once, than he can turn his Hands to, and puts him upon the modern Invention of rasting the poor Souls astern, like Water-Casks.

Some compare her to a Commonwealth; and carry the Allegory from the Vane down to the Keelson, and from his Worship the Captain as low as the very Swabber. But that Sage he it best undoubtedly, who compared a Ship to a Woman.

Not for that both are of the Female Gender;

Gender; not for that she is very apt to be leaky; not for that her Pump-dale smells strongest when she has the foundest Bottom; but chiefly because her Rigging, and-Fitting forth, is always worth double her Carcase.

She is commonly in her Dishabille, till the Time she appears at *Spithead*, and there she looks more charming than a painted Whore in a Side-Box.

To this grand Rendezvous of Wooden Beauties, come oft-times fat Country 'Squires, led by the same Curiosity that draws them to the *Tower* in Term-time, to see his Majesty's wild Beasts.

Nor do Ladies disdain to pay Visits hither, when *Epsom* and the *Bath* are out of Season, for Variety is the Happiness of Life; and oft have they found by Experience, that the heaving and setting in a Man-of War, is much more efficacious than Spaw-water.

To give one general Definition of the Inhabitants of this Wooden Wonder, is difficult, because they belong to various Regions, there being as many graduated Mansions in her, as is

betwixt us and the Empyrial Heaven; they can't be all Flesh, that is certain, because many of them live under Water; and yet, tho' they both eat and sleep there, they have no more Gills than an Oyfter.

They are a strange Generation of Mortals, that is certain; for they feed and sleep in their Shell, like Worms in a Nut; and the more they eat, still the more they enlarge their Quarters.

They are ten times more populous than a *Dutch* Commonwealth; and have a thousand times less of their own Growth to live upon; and yet the States General, God bless them, scoff not much better than they do.

In fine, they are the Chaff of the World, being toss'd here and there by every Blast that bloweth. When they walk, they swing their Corps like a Pendulum, and believe it the most upright steady Motion. They are sure to walk firm, where all other Creatures tumble; and seldom can keep their Legs long, when they get upon *Terra firma*.

I have kept you thus staring without

out Board, purely till the Captain be ready to receive us: Let us enter now a God's Name, and see what a Reception his Honour will give.

The Character of a Sea-Captain.

HE is a *Leviathan*, or rather a Kind of Sea God, whom the poor Tars worship as the *Indians* do the Devil, more through Fear than Affection; nay, some will have it, that he is more a Devil than the Devil himself.

Old Nick has so much Conscience, say they, as to allow all his Slaves their Hire, nay, and lets them many times possess more than their due Dividend of human Enjoyments: But this Ruler of the Roast has so little Christian Honesty, as to force the Sailors not only to work, watch, and fight, but even starve too, for his sole Advantage; puts them upon a thousand extra Services, and Works of Supererogation, and afterwards sends them to the Devil for a Reward, if they but barely offer to ask one.

His

His Extraction is not from the Dunghill, that is certain; for his Dad, in a drunken Frolick, begot him at Sea; and thence comes his eager Inclination to Wine and Gunpowder ever after.

Though it is commonly said of him, that he is better fed than taught, yet he fully makes up the Poverty of his Education with that of his Endowments; for he is commonly a Man of many Talents; he relies far more upon these than Book-Knowledge, and accounts all Literature very impertinent, that tends not directly to the doubling of a Penny.

The great Cabin is the *Sanctum Sanctorum* he inhabits; from this all Mortals are excluded by a Marine, with a brandish'd Sword, who guards this Bird of Paradise as watchfully as the Centries do the Geese in *St. James's Park*.

Sometimes a humble Supplicant is admitted to the Threshold, usher'd in by the Barber, the Master of his Ceremonies; and while this poor Mendicant addresses him with Fear and Trembling,

Trembling, this Son of *Boreas* (that he might not daunt the Creature too much) looks round, and turns his Stern-post directly upon him.

It must be a great Change of Weather indeed, when he deigns to walk the Quarter-deck, for such a Prostitution of his Presence, he thinks, weakens his Authority, and makes his Worship less revered by the Ship's Crew.

Here he is easily distinguished from all besides; for his Steps bear Proportion with the Height of his Post, stalking along with grave State, like the Ghost in the *Libertine*.

Upon his first popping up, the Lieutenants sheer off to the other Side, as if he was a Ghost indeed; for 'tis Impudence for any to approach him within the Length of a Boat-hook.

By this servile Obeisance, one would fancy him some Constellation dropt from the Clouds, or that at least he was Monarch of far more Territories, than ever he touched at in all his Voyagings.

He fulfils to a tittle the never-failing

ing Proverb, *Set a Beggar on Horseback,* and he'll ride to *Peg Crancum's*; for being once mounted his wooden Steed, there is no stopping his Career, for he makes every thing sheer before him.

He is an everlasting Admirer of that old Saying, *Familiarity breeds Contempt*; which he takes in so extensive a Sense, that he allows no Distinction betwixt an Officer and a Swabber; exacting infinitely more Ceremony from his Lieutenant, than he will allow to God Almighty.

In fine, looking all around, and seeing his Spot of Territory incircled with Salt-water, he fancies himself as Great a Prince as the Prince of Great Britain.

This Pride of his is the only Seasickness that he is plagued with, and which intoxicates him to that degree, that he neither knows himself, nor others; but it holds him no longer than while he's aboard. Remove him ashore once, and his Brains grow settled, and he becomes your humble Servant in an instant.

He projects more trifling Innovations in his Ship, than a Shop Politician does

does in the State; nothing he believes was ever rightly done, till he took place; and yet they that know him better than he does himself, won't allow him to be an Inch better Man than those that flourish'd in honest *Van Tromp's* Days.

These were the Days when *Plain Dealing* reign'd, when *Manly* and *Freeman* lived like Friends together, and Merit shin'd with Lustre, more than Gold; but now the Purse-proud Captain looks askint on all that *Chance* has placed below him.

Formerly a well-mann'd Side, with one Officer alone, was thought a sufficient Token of Respect; but now every Officer must run at Midnight to receive their Chief, though he comes aboard as drunk as a Beggar. What can we expect less in the succeeding Year, than that his great Proxy, the first Lieutenant, attend his Waters purely to prevent an *Interregnum*? For some, God knows, have had the unhappy Fate to part with their Sir—and their Lives together.

He complies with his printed Instructions

structions as precisely as the Chaplain does with the Rules of the Gospel. His Will is a Law, that is certain, and it is his Will to act contrary to Law; for who dare say to him, *What doest thou?*

But how absolute soever his Command is Abroad, he has a Check-mate at Home, that oft-times raises such a Hurricane as to drive him from his Moorings; and then it is a hundred to one if he can bring up before he split his Reputation upon *Cuckolds-Point*, or elsewhere.

And truly the Hero fears her more than a Storm. Many a Hecatomb of humble Prayers does he offer to appease this Petticoat Deity; nay, and never fails to bring her every now and then from afar, some valuable Toy or other, in hopes to keep her a faithful Turtle in his Absence; but she, alas! is no such doleful Bird, but a Woman; and cannot but think him a very inhuman Creature, to put her upon so unconscionable a *Lent*, as to fast a whole Summer's Expedition.

How fond soever he appears of his dear

dear Duck's Company, he makes no tiresome Stay with her; for after the Honey-Moon is over, he pretends pressing Orders from the Board; so taking his last Farewel, he leaves her in the Sudds, and streight makes an Elopement to *Spithead* again; but the Parson, or some kind Neighbour in the Parish, hearing of her solitary Circumstances, very christianly endeavours to stop up all Gaps of Discontent betwixt them.

His Flight from *England* he takes in the Spring, and you seldom see him more till the coming in of Woodcocks; and oft-times it lasts much longer.

'Tho' he is but a very sorry Horseman, yet he is mightily given to the Chace; but how eager soever he shews himself in pursuing the Game, he always takes great care *to look before he leaps.*

Hence it is, that he is never without a swinging large Spy-glass, which yet one would fancy to be no good one, because his Honour is very often found to see double through it.

The first Thing he peeps at, thro' his trusty Spy-all, is, the Chace's Port-holes; if she is well stock'd with these in his Apprehension; he won't look twice; for Friend or Enemy, she is a scurvy Sight at a distance, and it is no Wisdom to venture within reach of his own Eyes, becaule *Tartars* are swift-footed.

He is a great Admirer of a fleet Sailor, and had rather have a good Runner, than a Ship of great Force; for if he can't take, he can leave, and there is no Honour lost, if he but come off with his Bacon; so that willingly he would fall in with none but Merchant-ships; all besides is dry Meat, and very unpalatable to a Man that has his quick Senses.

If she loom to his Wish, he is as brisk as bottled Ale, and flies at her with all the Sail he can pack; and fain would he have you fancy, that he shews his much Courage by his much Crowding; but the Boatswain perhaps will mutter you under the Rose, it is the Trick of a Hound to be yare at Hares only.

The

The Truth is, he generally looks as fierce and eager as a Tyger pursuing a Deer; but if when he has got a-breast of his Enemy, he finds that she is better flesh'd than he thought for, the *Belle-Air* unfortunately then deserts him, and you may fairly read his Apprehensions in his very Countenance.

He has a rare hand at playing away his Lieutenants upon hair-brain'd Enterprizes; for he is as prodigal as the Devil of other Mens Blood, when Money is in the Way, and always makes use of a Lieutenant's Paw to draw it out of Danger; for though it is mighty common with him to quit the Ship, without Leave, for a good Dinner, yet he makes it an indispensable Law, never to step forth when Danger calls him.

So he deposes for his Proxy some numbskulled Officer, whom he most esteems; and to demonstrate his kind Love the more, he strips him of all, when the Prey is took, that the World may not think, that the young 'Squire's Courage was mercenary.

If any of the meaner Fry shall gape
B 2 for

for their proper Share, he will be sure to mark that Villain out for a Mutineer in Thought, and sit like Pitch on his Skirts for ever after.

Thus, tho' he have not one Hand in the taking, he will be sure to have both in the disposing of a Prize. The King allots him three Parts in Eight for his singular Hazards, and he grants himself the other five, to prevent foolish Fractions and Divisions.

Now, Fools that give not themselves the Liberty to think, would fancy all this to have somewhat of Knavery in it; whereas in him it is a digested Thought of Prudence; for to divide the Spoil (will he say), were but every Tar a Crown, whereas all in a Lump, it is a pretty round Sum, worth any Gentleman's Keeping; but should a half-starved Sailor sharp a Pair of old Shoes from him, he would surely drub the pilfering Cur to Death for it.

Thus the wretched Ship's Crew, that sweat and fight for Bread, get scarce the very Husk, whilst he runs away with the Flower of the Cargo,
and

and epicurizes his pocky Carcass for ever after.

But sometimes he meets with a gruff Subaltern, that snarls at his rapacious Stomach, and by the Help of a Board, makes him take up with *Doctors-Commons*; which brings the Monster down again to his due Proportion.

Gold has a far more powerful Virtue over him, than the Loadstone has upon the Sea-Compass; which, tho' ever so well touched, will often point from its true Pole; whereas this precious *Flower-de-luce* for ever looks directly to the Great-Planet, in spite of all Three-penny Changes whatsoever.

Hence, if he be not damnably rich, 'tis none of his Fault, for he boggles at no imaginary Quick-sands that may lie in his Way; nay, such a hungry Shark is he, that you would swear he had neither Sense or Taste of Infamy. In fine, this famous Man of War is of such an unaccountable Workmanship, that four Ounces of *Vigo* Dust shall weigh him down more, than four-Ton of Honesty. Batter him with Gold once, and he shall strike instant-

ly to the most scandalous Articles that Hell can offer.

Thus he is always more intent upon cramming his Bags, than filling the Sailors Bellies; if they starve, 'tis no matter; it is but pressing for more at home, and he has them; but sometimes he comes many Leagues short of his Reckoning, for through Want of Hands to work her, the Ship is lost in a Storm, and so his Worship goes with all his ill-got Wealth to the Devil.

Cheating, he believes the pure Effect of a long Head, and is as much scandalized to find any in his Ship outwitting him at that Game. Bubbling, he says, is the Result of sound Reasoning, and he that dares not be a Rascal upon a fair Occasion, he is sure dare do nothing.

Generosity, he reckons as unaccountable as the extravagant Tricks of Knight-Errantry; and human Compassion, to be little better than a human Frailty. He can no way credit the Story of *Alexander's* throwing the Cup of Water from him, before the Face of his perishing Army;
for

for his part, he had rather see the whole Fleet parched up like Touchwood, for Want of Water, than his Washerman should be stinted any way; nay, so incredibly extravagant is he sometimes, as to wash his Cabin with fresh Water, when the Ship's Company want it to allay the burning Heat of their salt Victuals, and hard Labour. Whoever starves, his Sheep and Hogs, to be sure, must live at full Allowance. Thus, tho' he be no Water-Drinker himself, he destroys an hundred times more than those that have nothing besides to live on.

But, pardon me, I am far from drawing him a downright Reprobate; for all the World knows, that he has some good Works hanging about him; he has so much Christian Charity as to make Wills for unfortunate Intestates, that wanted Time to do it for themselves, and compassionately espouses the Interest of all those poor Souls that die abroad without any Friends or Relations, by generously owning them to have been his Servants, and having, upon the Advice of his learned Council

cil in *Black-Fryars*, forged their Indentures and Names; by the Virtue of it receiving their Pay, and very carefully secures it for them till they come to call for it.

The Purser would be a rich Knave, but for him and the Rats together; but he will by no means let that Rogue play his Pranks on board, except he pay him soundly for a Licence; and truly that Projector is as good an Annuity to him, as a first-rate Bawdy-house is to a *Middlesex* Justice.

These two often join Loggerheads together, and broach more pernicious Contrivances, to the Detriment of the Ship, than ever *London* Vintners did to the Ruin of honest Topers.

He often applauds the Wisdom of the *Dutch*, in letting their Ships be wholly victualled by their Captains; and swears, that did we but introduce the like among us, it would quite clear the Fleet of the Scurvy.

One so solicitous about other People's Healths, cannot be unmindful of his own, to be sure; and truly he is so very cheary of it, that he sometimes

out-

outlives his Commission by it; for he had rather part with his Ship, than come within the Possibility of a *West-India* Sickness; and yet, in spite of all his Providence, the poor Tars that go, live to piss on his Grave a Twelve-month after.

He feasts his Brother Captains out of pure good Husbandry; for they club Dinners by turns; and that nothing may be lost, the Fragments are gather'd to make up a Supper, and so cheat both the Dogs and the Servants.

His Dishes are not many, but very well season'd, yet nothing gives so great a Relish to his Palate, as the hard Allowance of his Ship's Crew. It is an unspeakable Titillation to one of his Constitution, to see every Day so many hundred poor Souls, that would reckon it a Blessing to have but one savoury Smell at his Flesh-pots.

He never wants for two Sorts of Liquors, the Good and the Bad; the first is reserved for the sole Use of the best Person at the Table, and that is himself to be sure; as for the other, you shan't want enough of it, and that

to

to be sure unsophisticated with the other.

He distributes his dead Hogs and Sheep as he does his cast Apparel, among his Followers, who, by their Eating, seem to fancy it somewhat divine, because killed by the Hand of Providence; and truly they may thank Providence for it, which else had been spent all at their Master's Table.

Once a Moon, perhaps, he invites some Marine Lieutenant to taste of his Bounty; but the poor Gentleman finds his Dinner bestowed rather as a Charity, than an honourable Entertainment; for, upon his Entry, he finds him aforehand seated at Table, with as stiff an Air as if he expected your coming to kiss his Toe; for no Pope on Earth can look greater. Down you sit along with this dumb God; who shews what you are to do next, by first helping himself; if you won't follow, you may fast, for, by *Neptune*, he won't assist you. Thus you sit as mute as a Fish, or a Bawd at an Evening-Lecture, till his Worship has finished; and then he rises first; you may stay,
or

or follow him, if you please, but not into the Cabbin, but upon Deck, and there you may walk and digest both your Meat and your Reception. But who would not curse his haughty senseless Vanity, that makes a Gentleman pay dearer for his sorry Commons than ever *Pontac* chalked up to a fortunate Club of City Cuckolds? A servile Constraint being much more resented by a generous Soul than a deep Reckoning.

He never deigns to discourse at Table with any below a Brother Captain, and then the grand Text they hold forth upon, is the Behaviour of their Lieutenants, whose Reputation they worry more greedily than their Victuals; but sometimes their villainous Reflexions take wind, and then ten to one but their Bullet-heads compound for the Lapses of their Tongues.

View but his Muster-books, and you'll, by their Rates, fancy his Men the stoutest Fellows in the Navy; but view them on the Deck, and Lord! what a Herd of Animals you'll behold! At every tenth Call, perhaps
you

you may tally down a Sailor. What Discouragement gives not this to right-bred 'Tars from entering Volunteers, where they find a scoundrel Taylor, or rascally Barber, meet with ten times better Entertainment, and never touch a Rope for it?

If he is allow'd a Score or two of Servants, for the greater Encouragement to Navigation, he's sure to pick up a Scum that are good for nothing, that they may cost him next to nothing in the Keeping.

These he often puts into the King's Livery, and makes him pay for the Scuff, to avoid the Penalty; but more often he covers this wretched Black-guard with white Canvas, that the Lice may want good Footing.

A few he has of a higher Form, whom he calls his menial Retinue; these, tho' just pick'd off from a Taylor's Shop-board, are rated able on his Ship's Books. Thus he has every thing at free Cost, from a Steward down to a Shoe-wiper. When these are once initiated within the Steerage, they are like sacred Devotees, for ever after debar-

debarred prophaning their Hands with Ropes or Tar-buckets.

He spends a deal of puzzling Thought upon his Boat's Crew, and racks his Invention about their Equipment; if he hit upon any new Maggot in their Caps or Coats, he is prouder of his Ingenuity than a first-rate Taylor, when his span-new Fashion takes at St. James's. He had much rather see his Cock-swain in a clean Shirt than his Lieutenant, and believes a Kittisol a nobler Piece of Magnificence than a good Table.

He has a mortal Aversion to your Merchant-Ship Captains, not purely for their presumptuous Assumption of his proper Title, but out of an old Grudge; for he can't yet shake off the Remembrance of those many dry Blows he received when Cabin-boy to old *Gruff* of *Wapping*.

Yet his Aversion is not so invincible, but it may be surmounted by a weighty Present upon a homeward bound Voyage, and he takes their Offering with as much supercili-

ous State, as an Eastern Monarch, or *West-India* Vice-Roy.

His Lieutenants are his great Eye-sore, because they alone lay Pretensions to Gentility, a Thing that alarms him more than a lighted Pipe in a Powder-Room. He uses them with much stricter Severity, considering their Station, than he does the lousy Crew; he tops upon them like a Yard-arm, to depress them the lower on the other Side.

The plain Truth is, 'tis somewhat better being his Dog, or his Monkey, than his Subaltern, for he makes a hail Fellow of these upon his Quarter-deck, whilst he keeps all besides at a surly Distance.

But sometimes he has the good Luck to meet with a very complaisant Fellow, that will fetch and carry like *Tray*, and suffer himself to be bubbled, and ride like an Ass, with Thankfulness. This is the Officer he has so long wished for; this he cries up for a paramount Lieutenant, and just ready ripe for a Captainship; so, by a rascally Recommendation to the Board, he
en-

endeavours to reward him at the public Cost; for, to be sure, this Creature will prove just such a Caterpillar as his Maker.

After his Dogs are served, he distributes the Remains of his loving Kindness on some snotty-nosed Letter-man, the Product of some *quondam* Punk, or Alewife. If one of these carry any fancied Strokes of his Features, that lucky Youth is certainly mark'd out for a Commission, and he shall force a Rupture with some one of his Lieutenants, to make a Vacancy for him, rather than he shall wait till Manhood without one.

A great Politician he must needs be, for he sails with every Shift of Wind; and when the Gale of good Fortune shrinks, he alters his Course, and reaches his Port by the traverse Rules of Injustice and Oppression.

If the Wind and Tide of Affairs prove too violent, he then certainly trims about, and bears away for any Place, 'tis no matter what Port, whether *Turk* or Infidel; for against Wind and Tide too, there is no Working.

He is neither a Wit nor a Fool, for he has commonly too much Grease, and too little Erudition, to be the one, and has seen so much of the World, that he cannot well be the other; yet he's so far a Sot, as to think no Man sees so well as himself, because none has travelled so many Leagues as he has done.

He has no mortal Aversion for the *French*; it is not their Blood he thirsts after, but their Claret; 'tis involuntary, to be sure, if he spill of the one or the other.

He is commonly a stiff Man for the Government, yet not so stiff as to carry Sail against all Weathers. He loves Loyalty, but he loves his Ship much better, and rather than lose this, he will throw the other overboard in a Storm. To beat up against all Revolutions, does but disable a Man, and drifts him into the Gulf of Poverty, which he dreads more ten thousand times over than the Bay of *Biscay*.

He laughs at the poor Simplicity of the Antients, that shaped their Course to Wealth by the freight Lines of Honesty

Honesty and Plain-dealing: The World is now found to be globular ever since the Discovery of the *West Indies*, and consequently, cries he, the only Way to hit rightly upon *Peru* and *Mexico*, is by the curved Lines of our modern Mercators, who make all the Meridionals of the Chart of Life, to bend and center in the two Poles of Luxury and Power.

There are no Blasts so frightful to him, as those strong unexpected Turnadoes, that come off Shore from the Territories of the Admiralty; these sometimes reach him as far as *Brasil* and *Jamaica*; and most certainly overset him, if he be not ready stiffen'd with *Peru* Ballast. If he have enough of this, he may get safe Home, provided always he observe well his Land-Marks, keeping *Crutched-Fryars* in a Line with the Horse Guards; and then he may run in boldly to *Chat-kam*.

Being arrived here, his first Thought is, to inform the Board, that he and the Ship are both living; and his next is, to petition for a few Weeks com-

forlable Relaxation from the woeful Fatigues of a perpetual swilling, ear-ing, and sleeping, for a whole Twelve-month together, to the great Detri-ment of his Body and Face, which are already become as unfashionable as a *Smithfield* Inn-keeper's. Having made this Remonstrance, ashore he comes with so blustering an Air, as if he fancied himself the Son of *Neptune* come to declare War against the whole Earth.

The first Trip he makes is to his precious Help-mate, and his next to *Whiteball*, where you will find him offering at the Airs of a Courtier: He begins with the Porter of the Of-*fice* at the *Anchor of Hope*, to whom he pays more servile Cringes, than e-*ver* he allowed aboard his own Ship to his Betters; but tho' he pass Master here, he cannot at *St. James's*; for the Tar is smelt out under all his Trap-pings.

In fine, strip him of every-thing but himself, or let him truck Jackets with any of his Barge-men, and if you dis-tinguish him from out the Crew, I'll
give

give you Leave to hang him; their Discourse, their Behaviour, their Passions, their Aims, their Wishes, their every-thing so alike, that any one that has but Sense enough to know Fish from Flesh, will cry out, *They are all of a Mould, and there's never a Barrel a better Herring.*

A Sea-Lieutenant,

IS a Gentleman, he'll tell you, by his Commission; and hence it is he carries it always about him, to give you Demonstration-Proof, in case you call it in question: He lugs it out as often as he does his Watch, and believes both together convincing Proofs of his Gentility.

The better Officer he is, he is more of having the worser Captain; for upon the Diligence and Compliance of the one, depends the Pride and Laziness of the other; so that the one doing as he ought, the other is sure to do nothing. Thus these two are generally pair'd like married Couples, the very good Wife being linked in the

the Chain of Providence to the good-for-nothing Husband.

There are several Sorts and Sizes of Lieutenants, but they may be comprised within three Degrees of Comparison: The first of these is the Captain's Vicegerent, and generally Heir apparent to him; and often in his Sleep he fancies himself actually in Possession, to the no small Wonder of the Quarter-deck, when in the Dead of the Night they hear him cuff about the Bed and Bedposts, and crying out, in a cold Sweat, *Zounds, mind your Hand, you Dog at the Helm, and bear away; Bear up round, you Slave, for the Enemy you see edge down upon us;* so offering at the Quartier's Chops in his Dream, he strikes his Fist against the Ship-side, and freight that awakes him, to his no little Comfort, in finding he had been all this while sleeping in a whole Skin.

If he be in a leading Ship, his Hopes stand fair; and fairer still, if she's alone, on a long Expedition; there oft does he pray for his Captain's Death most unfeignedly, but not that it may come by a Cannon-shot; for he loves
not

not to wet his Fingers with a bloody Commission; it is most legible when only in *White* and *Black*, and he hopes to keep it so all his Days, when he gets it.

His Ambition reaches just *Commission-high*; all other Contemplations he reckons extra Duties, and the mere Conundrums of an idle Fancy.

He is eminently skilled in talking much to little Purpose, and believes all Knowledge beyond the Reach of his Discipline, not worth sounding for.

He is a Man of Parts, that he is sure of, and he would deem himself a great *Blockhead*, if he told you not as much the first time he sees you. He tells you often both drunk and sober, what a notable Fellow he is, and the many Reformatations he will introduce, and what mighty Discoveries he will make, when he comes into his Kingdom; and yet had he his Wishes, he would just keep his Word in this, as in all his other Promises: He would reign just like the lazy Monarch before him, and shew he had not one Ounce better Blood than his Leader.

He

He is so much the Captain's *Right Hand*, that he can scarce wipe his Back-side without him. He is a second *Sofia*, and assumes the Captain's Phiz, Air, Pride, and Blasphemy in his Absence; then he acts his *Rehearsal* over, that he may not have his Part to seek, when he comes to be dubbed Captain indeed.

Tho' he see the Court less, he has yet as much Circumspection ashore, in his Conversation, as his Captain; for he takes care to smell the Ground where he is, and, like a wise *Philosopher*, conforms to Time and Place most precisely. Hence it comes, that among unconstrained Manly Society, he is as amicable as a *Sheep*, and very seldom talks *Atheism*, but in the Presence of the *Chaplain*, or is very unruly, but in civil Company.

But follow him strait into his wooden Territories, and you'll see him display his Commission with a Vengeance, especially in the Captain's Absence; then he will over-act his Part most unsufferably, insomuch that you'd wonder

wonder a *Sheep* should so suddenly all at once be turned to a *Tyger*.

Speak to him there, tho' in never so mild Terms, he takes it his own way, and answers you in Fire and Smoak through his Nostrils: In this kind of unmanly *Billingsgate* Clashing, he is a much greater Master than at the Clashing of Weapons.

The more gruff and waspish he is, the less will he tolerate it in others; and you have him a thousand times storming at the *Haughtiness* of such as have ten times less than himself.

Oft does he mutter at the Partialities of the Board, and admires at the Neglect of Merit, including himself for certain; and yet his Preferment had already out-run his Deserts, farther than ever his dead Reckoning did his Observation.

His Post in a Fight is the Gun-deck, and there he is sure of but one *Chance* against him; for he would deem himself an unpardonable *Blockhead*, if he kept not out of the way of *small Shot*.

Of all Officers in the *Ship* he rails the most against Captains, tho' he is
the

the first of any that hopes to be one. He'll tell you a thousand wicked Stories of them in his Cnps, and swear they are more fatal to the Ship than stinking Beef, and scarce one worth *Keel-bawling*.

But when he's sober again, he seriously curses the Freedom of his Tongue, and is ready to eat his Words when you'll have him. He relies on the Captain's good Word, as the Cut-water to his Preferments, and begs a Certificate, when he removes from the Ship, with as sneaking a Look almost as a Cripple does from a Country-Justice.

He makes, at every Turn, a heavy Coyle about the Discipline of the Navy, and yet puts it as little in Practice as his lazy Commander. Every old Woman knows, that the End of *War-Ships* is *Fighting*; but this spluttering Manager seems to believe them built and maintained purely for Sailing and Wearing out Canvas.

Hence, if he have but Hands enough to furl, rief, and make Sinnate, he concludes this wooden Fortrefs better
manned

manned than the *Trojan* Horse; for she is fitted for all Weathers.

So the only Thing he dreams not on, is the Discipline of *Fighting*, till *Chance* sometimes throws him in the Way of it, and then he is struck as mute as a young *Whore* taken in the Fact, and knows not which way to turn him, for 'tis too late then to offer at instructing the *Ship's* Crew, whom he has kept as ignorant of Gun-
nery as a Hackney Coachman.

He reckons himself (tho' perhaps but the Son of a Costard-monger) fifty Degrees above a Commander of a *Merchant-Skip*; and yet his Gentility is surer to stoop lower than the other in Matters of Traffick; nay, such a for-ry Dealer is he of small Ware, that you would swear he had served twice seven Years 'Prenticeship to a *Scots* Pedlar.

He judges of Men, as he does of Ships, by the Outside; and he that makes the most gilded Appearance, is most certainly the *happiest*, in his *mathematical* Conceit.

His Seniority gives him some Advan-
D vantages

vantages over his Brothers; but the only best is that of Half-pay, when the War is blown over. Were it not for this, his *Thoughts* would tumble to and fro, worse than a *Ship* becalm'd after a great Storm in the Gulph of *Lyons*.

The second Lieutenant is a kind of spare Topmast, that lies idle while the first is standing, and in good Condition; so we'll e'en him lay fore and aft for the present, and come to the lowest, who is as tall as the *biggest* in his own Conceit.

This same then is a kind of *Hobbe-deboy*, or Boy in *Man's Cloaths*; for his *Cbin* is yet as *smooth* as the Back-side of his Commission. Being young and supple, the Captain endeavours to qualify him to be Penny-post-man, as not having any Half-pay to trust to. He sends him upon a thousand sleeveless Errands, to the great Consolation of the Footman, and to his own greater Diversion; for he takes no little Pleasure to humble the young 'Squire, and pull him down beyond ordinary, that when he comes up, he may stand

at the true Bent, fit for a Commander to shoot his Game withal.

He must come to the Ring of Midnight Bell, tho' it be but to call a Servant. He must go a League or two, to carry a Leg of Mutton (but under Pretence of carrying a Letter) to a *Brother Captain*, and to ask, by the by, how he digested *his last Night's Debauch*.

If he boggle or stand upon his Punctilio's, and refuse performing such like Menaces, he is immediately proclaimed throughout the Fleet, a reisty Puppy; and the Captains, one and all, join Notes together, and bark the poor Gentleman out of the Navy; at least he has a Mark of Distinction clapt on him behind his Back, which makes him in almost as forlorn a Condition as a Fresh-water Booby condemned to storm the Castle.

But all this wears off in Time, and his Authority grows up with his Beard, so that in one Twelvemonth he comes to be an able, roaring, threshing Fellow, and fit to be sent upon Pressing.

So when the Ship has been sufficiently depopulated by ill Usage, my Spark is detached ashore, with some choice Hounds, to go hunt out a fresh Stock.

He hugs the Occasion, to be sure on't, for he never fancies himself so great by his Commission, as by his Press-warrant, because here he *bestors* without a Rival.

The Truth is, he and his Bandogs together, make a woeful Noise in all the Sea-Port Towns round the Kingdom; he beats up all Quarters, and rummages all the *Wapping Ale-houses*, as narrowly as he would a Prize for the *Indies*.

The Ale-wives tickle him in the Gills with the Title of Captain, which makes him oft-times stay to get drunk in their Houses, out of pure Joy and Gratitude.

But his strictest Inquest is in your Sailors proper Habitations; there he plays the Devil upon two Sticks, and pries into every suspicious Corner, whilst the poor Wife, to quiet him, freely lets him examine every Hole
he

he can find out, and then he marches off well satisfied.

In fine, he's a perfect Hurricane in a little Town, and drives the laggard Dog along the Streets, with as much Noise and Bustle, as Butchers do Swine to *Smithfield*; nay, not only forces them to run against the Stream, but oft-times makes them tow a-stern a heavy Fly-Boat of a Wife, as far as from *Tweed* to *Medway*; and tho' he really hurry Men off against their Inclinations, he's as far from being a Kidnapper as a Hangman is from being a *Cut-throat*.

In the Days of *Yore* he used to play the Devil among the *Newcastle* Colliers, who oft-times, to shun his *threatning Scylla*, have grounded their Vessels on *Charybdis*. But those that knew his Trim, used to load him well with Ale and Salmon, the common Way to fore-reach upon him; but if he chanced to prove so *headstrong*, that no Liquor could overcome him, the last Remedy then was, to bring out some yellow Boys, which were of far more Esteem with him than so many sun-burnt Sailors.

Thus in one *Northern* Trip, he would pick ye up a hundred or two of these little Younkers, with which he could fight better than with so many stout Tars in an Engagement.

Having brought him back again among his *Bretbren*, let us now take him to be as good as the best of them, and so draw him in Perfection.

Tho' he is an Officer, he is a *down-right* Eye-servant, and is never so active as in the Presence of his Commander; he is then perpetually making Incursions into the Boatswain's Province, and too often intrenches upon his proper Duty; for he is a smart Fellow at a Cudgel, and oft does he make the poor Tars yelp and run about, like Dogs in a *Church*, under the Correction of a Sexton.

He can no more refrain drubbing in the Sight of Strangers, than a *Frenchman* can hold from cutting Capers in the Presence of Ladies; and he has as great an *Itch* at breaking of Heads on board, as he has ashore at breaking of Windows; and well he may, for here he lays on with irresistible Blows,
and

and always comes off scot-free.

Thus he trains up Sailors, as Car-men do Horses, with the *Stick* and *Whip*; for he knows by the Constitution of his own Nature, that no Good can be done without Drubbing.

But if he gives, he takes too sometimes; insomuch that it is not easy to determine which of the two provokes most the other, he or his Captain; in this use the first like an Ass, the first gives him good Cause by his servile Sufferance.

But *Job* at last complained, and so does he; but instead of being fourfold better, it costs him his Ruin; for the Right and Justice be his Advocates, his Captains only hear and judge him, and those Brother-Starlings are Birds of a Feather, that always agree together.

He is a mighty exact Man about Trifles, and lays far more Stress upon the running up of Yards and Top-masts well after a Storm, than of the running out of Guns briskly in an Engagement. If but a pitiful Boat, clapt aboard, tho' in safe Harbour, without timely Notice

tice first given, he shall make a greater Clamour and Uproar, than if she was grappled by a Fireship.

He is never truly calm, but in the Hurly-burly of a Fight; for then People have other Fish to fry, than to mind him; nor is he sorry for it, because (howsoever he may flatter himself at other times) upon such Occasions he finds himself made but of the common Mould, and as liable to stink as other Mortals; but he cannot easily be smelt out amidst so much Smoak of Gun-powder.

He is no Hypocrite as to his Vices, that is certain; for he'll tell you a hundred times over without asking, what a notable lewd Fellow he is, and has been in his Generation, and values himself not a little upon the Reputation of it.

He'll swear to you, he has made more Cuckolds than Bowls of Punch; and believes there is no more Sin in taking a Spell with a Whore, than in pumping a leaky Vessel.

The Surgeon makes much more of his Debauchery, than his Courage, and
always

always takes care to patch him up with Speed, to have the better Customer of him.

But yet, after all, if you won't believe he is very often guilty of Lying, you'll wrong him; for he is not altogether so very a Miscreant as he would pass for, fathering many more wicked Pranks than ever he had Force or Courage to be guilty of. Lord! what a Number of fine Women has he overfet; and how many lusty Fellows has he made look pale, whom he never once saw or dream'd of.

Not but that he has made many Attempts of both Kinds, and with the like Success, as seldom coming off from the one without a Clap, as from the other without a Beating: When he has got his Belly-full of both, he puts aboard again, and one Summer's Voyage buries all in Oblivion.

When he's out at Sea, he is in a strange Pickle, and oft looks around him, with as penive a Phiz, as a Horse penn'd up in a Pinfold. Lord, cries he, who but a Madman would go Sea to fish for Bread! Ads Death, there is no living
like

like a Christian but upon *Terra firma*.

But as there is no Place so wretched, as to want its Comforts, he weans by Degrees his Longings after the Fleish-pots of *Sodom*, and in lieu of Whores, makes Cards and Dice his serious Entertainment. He tempers his bad Throws with good Punch, for the Box and Glass go Hand in Hand together. By the Time he has unloaded his Pockets, he is floated off his Legs, and then drives upon the Coast of *Bedfordshire*, and there he sticks fast till next Morning.

He as little thinks of going to Heaven as to *Jamaica*: He cannot, he says, find any fixed Pole-Star, or mathematical Rules to trust to in that Voyage; so he shapes his Course after his Captain, without observing any Latitude in his Doings.

But tho' he tries every Way, both by little and large, to keep up with his Leader, he's commonly wrong'd very much for want of Sail and Skill too, so that how well soever he can weather upon others, he never is able to fore-reach upon his Commander.

He

He has an equal Aversion to Fighting and Peace, and prays heartily for the long Life of *Lewis*, for fear the War die with him. Oft does he ruminate on that unhappy happy Change, and then his Thoughts are adrift what Course to steer, but at last he grounds himself upon the Isle of Pyrates.

But alack ! his noble Resolutions shift like Tides ; for every Beacon he meets with, reminds him of *Tyburn*, and then he determines to hawl upon a Bowling all the Days of his appointed Time, rather than teach Fools Wisdom at his own Cost, and hang up in Chains for the Good of Posterity.

'Tis this Thought often mortifies him in his Days of Prosperity, and makes him, by Intervals, a much more humane Officer than otherwise his Nature would allow him to be.

In fine, he is the Captain's humble Pig in a String, or rather his Greyhound, let loose after every Chace, which, if he take, he is sure to pick the Bones for his Labour ; but of all Chaces, he likes that of a well-freight Widow best ; if he can but once clap her aboard,

aboard, he's sure to carry her; and tho' he cannot pretend to make her all his own, yet he sticks by her till he has reached to the End of his Voyage of Life.

Now, after all that has been said, it must be owned, that you shall sometimes stumble upon a Lieutenant, as Cuckolds do upon hidden Treasures, of a very different Make to what you find here, who, as they have been born to, and bred up in the Principles of Honour and Virtue, so they would not, for all the Plunder got at *Alicant*, stoop to any thing beneath their Birth and Character.

A Sea-Chaplain,

IS one that in his junior Days was brought up in the Fear of the Lord; but the University reasoned him out of it at last, and he has oft-times thanked his good Stars for it.

It is his Happiness, he believes, that he stayed not to take any deep Root at the College, for then he might unfortunately have grown up to be a Pe-

dant

dant, and por'd himself into Stupidity.

He has improved his Sense wonderfully, since he came to be a Fellow-Commoner in the Navy, insomuch that no Man living can impose a Fallacy upon his Understanding, in any Element that comes within the Verge of the Cook-Room; nay, such is the Strength of his Intellects, and so admirable his Penetration, that he shall spy out Wild-Fowl, when they are, as it were, in the Clouds to all besides, and smell out Roast-meat a good League off, or better; but though he be really a Person of singular Taste, and nice of Sense, he never has the Vanity to be thought so.

He is seldom oppressed with the Drudgery of Prayer; once a Day were an intolerable Burden, that would lie heavier upon his Stomach than rusty Pork or Burgoo.

He is a Preacher, tho' he never once came within a Pulpit; he holds forth, according to the true primitive Way; I don't mean in a Tub, but a much surer Footing; for standing upon the firm Deck, he hangs his Nose and Arms

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over

over the Back of a Chair, and so falls to splitting his Text most methodically; but the plain Truth is, it is ready split to his Hands; for he is so orthodox a Parson as to offer you no Sermon, but what has passed the Test of the Press, and has perhaps the Fift of a Bishop too, to warrant it sound Ware.

A Dozen or two of these are his whole Stock; and therefore, to prevent a too nauseous Tautology, he every Year, if he can, removes into a fresh Ship, among new Parishioners, and seldom does there fail of his own Tribe, ready to change with him upon the very same Motive.

He is one shall make a Text point as many Ways as the Compass, and never wants a Pocket full of them, to comfort his Heart with upon any carnal Occasion.

Tho' he speaks more Truths than an Oracle, yet he seldom says as he thinks; his Nose and his Tongue are Dissenters to each other, and very rarely jump in the Colours of Good and Evil; by the one you may hear, that nothing is so precious as the Word of the Lord, and
by

by the other you may both see and feel, that a good Bottle, in his Senses, is ten times more valuable than the Bible. The plain Truth is, he is much better at composing a Bowl of Punch than a Sermon.

He seldom molests a poor dying Soul with his Visits, because he wisely considers, that a Sailor is a Man of no Ceremony ; he verily creates far more Peace of Conscience to the Ship's Company by his Practice than his Preaching ; for he is the great Exemplar they walk by.

There's as great a Difference betwixt him and a reverend Divine, as betwixt a Quack Doctor and a learned Physician ; and he will never shew it more than when you offer to tell him so ; for he will be readier to confute you with his Fists than any other Proofs whatever.

He reckons a sober Chaplain in the Navy to be a downright Nonconformist, and thinks himself obliged in Conscience to keep aloof from him to avoid being tainted with with so damnable a Heresy.

He's an equal Enemy to Popery and Calvinism, and manifests it throughly in his Zeal for a Surloin in *Lent*, and minc'd Pyes at *Christmas*.

There's no Hell to him like living eternally on salt Provisions; Fire and Brimstone is but a Fool to it.

Of all Ceremonies, he likes well that of a Cushion in Praying; yet, to shew his Excess of Loyalty, he will drink the King's Health on his Knees without one.

He drinks and prays with much the like Fervour. He turns up his Glass and the Whites of his Eyes together, and in the Sincerity of his Heart drinks it off most canonically.

He abominates all Slurring upon friendly Society, and had much rather chuse to drink twice, than be once suspected of baulking his Neighbour.

To shew his abundant Humility, he will sometimes drink Flip with the Midshipmen; and to prevent the Fall of a weak Brother, he will oft be so charitable as to drink for him.

He fulfils that Axiom to a Tittle, *Simile simili gaudet*; for no Man that
is

is merely human, can be more conversant with spiritual Matters, than he is; nay, so elevated a Creature is he, that scarce can he suffer any Soul in his Presence, vilely to commix them with such Things as favours not thereof.

He never gives any open Symptoms of being disaffected to the Government, and yet he is certainly unalterably devoted to the *French* Interest; for tho' he pretends to love the King and the Church mighty well, yet he loves *Bourdeaux* Wine and Brandy much better.

He reckons it a great Condescension to admit Sir — — — into his Company; but for Belch, he drinks it as he takes the Oaths, upon mere Necessity.

You shall hear him oft-times hold forth in his Cups, according as the Spirit of Wine gives him Utterance; but you shall seldom or never find him reel along in the Paths of Righteousness; for when he once gets in for it, he throws off his Gown and Hypocrisy together, and becomes the Bell-wether

of the Flock, to run them pall-mall into the Pinfolds of the Devil.

But for him the Ship's Crew would be passable good Christians, whereas his exemplary Presence makes them often call his Words to account, and too often doubt his Sunday-Labour a Sham, and himself a sacred What-ye-call-'em.

A harden'd Atheist he is not, for a great Storm will make him unfeignedly fearful, and then the poor Rogue looks aghast like a Pick-pocket taken in the Fact, or an old Bawd at the Day of Judgment, without having the comfortable Prospect of one Mountain to fall on his Head. Hence it comes that he sometimes backslides to the quacking Sect, in spite of his Gown and Godliness.

He wears his Prunella-Gown as chearfully as he does his Honesty; there's somewhat in the Wind, to be sure, when he puts on either; and truly why should a Man rub out good things, without a solid Consideration for it?

In foreign Countries he takes care to hide his Light under a Bushel; his Coat, Sword, and Neckcloth make him

pass

pass current for a *Highb German Doctor*; and one would swear him one indeed, by his Physical Notion of Things; for a thorough Debauch, he will tell you, is like a Fresh in a River, sweeps away all the Mud and sandy Banks of our Microcosm, and a sound Wench cools the Blood in hot Countries, and keeps the Flesh from warring against the Spirit.

Hence it is, that he envies not at home the Country Vicar, with his Tythe-pigs and Plumb-puddings, since here he can whore with Security, and get drunk like a Gentleman, without Scandal.

One might well believe him a good Commonwealth's Man, for he loves dearly to propagate his Species, even in the very Lands that know him not. If he chuse to perform this great Work in a blind Corner, and not on the House-top, it is to shew himself one of no Ostentation; and truly he is a Person of so much Self-denial, that with great Resignation he patiently lets others have the Glory of fathering his Labours.

It were great Malice to say he is a
Man

Man of no Principles; for all know him an everlasting *Adherer* to that sovereign one of Self-Preservation; and no one ever found him to *flinch* in that Principal of Life, a good *Stomach*.

He has so good an Opinion of his own Parts, that he fancies to do you a Favour, in giving you his Company at all Entertainments, and would take it as an Affront to Heaven and Learning, to let him contribute a Mite towards it.

He flies at all Game, whether it be the Flesh of Fowl, or the Flesh of Fish; wheresoever he fixeth his Pounces, she's his own, Bones and all, if any way practicable; for 'tis too much Loss of Time to make a Separation.

The only Way to overcome him at Argument, is here; for he had much rather let the best Syllogism in the World grow cold than his Victuals. To keep his Grinders from mouldering against each other, he supplies both Sides with Gists at once; if his Tongue chance to pop in the Way, the Lord have mercy on it; for his Jaws know no halting.

The

The Captain, when he has got a super-ordinary Dinner, sends for him to give the Benediction ; and truly he thinks it a very good Benediction to be there to give one. He makes no long-winded Graces, because he loves to keep his Breath to cool his Pottage.

He's the Captain's trusty Comerade at a Game, or so, on a Sunday Evening ; for there's no Playing with a *Lay-Brother* on that Night, for fear it take Wind, and fly to the Board sooner than the News of a Victory ; but they play not so deep as they drink, for a hearty Bowl prevents the spiritual Food of the Day from lying heavy in the Stomach, there being no better Digester of good Doctrine, than good Liquor.

He's a compleat Scholar, that's evident, because for these many Years he has given over all Study. Sometimes he pores upon a Pack of Cards, or so, and makes learned Animadversions on the History of the four Kings and the Knave of Clubs.

Tho' he speaks much better *English* than *Latin*, you'd take him for a downright

right *Irishman* by his Countenance, which is the choicest Looking-Glass in Christendom for a Country *Corydon* to trim his Phiz by.

He's neither Saint nor Apostle, that he will own, but his Modesty cannot deny, but that his bare Shadow has cured many a poor Creature of the Simples. Some will have it, that none now-a-days, but the Society of *Jesús*, are endowed with the Knack of Exorcism, yet all must allow, that our Protestant Hero is capable of outfacing the Devil at any time.

To lose a Pretension for Want of Assurance, he reckons as scandalous a Blot upon his Gown, as the Loss of a Garrison, for Want of Courage, would be to a Red-Coat. *Old Nick* will never kidnap him, if he is to catch him blushing.

He gapes after Vacancies as early as a Campaigning Whore does for dead Mens Cloaths in a Battle; and tho', to human Appearance, he loom to be a bulky heavy-ars'd Christian, yet he is perpetually attempting to leap over the Heads of his Brethren.

Now,

Now, one would conclude him to be a High-flyer; and the Truth is, he never willingly suffers any to fly above him, Passive Obedience in his own Temporals, griping him worse than four Wine or small Beer.

He hates your Low-flyers as bad as *Jews* do Swines-Flesh; yet he's not so stiff for the towering Party, as a *Turk* is for the *Alcoran*. Rather than overset himself, or be obliged to throw any of his Groats over-board in bad Weather, he will suffer two or three Riefs of Discipline to be taken in.

He never swears but in his Cups, and then he does it with such an Air of Authority, as fully bespeaks him to have the Plenipotentiary Powers of an Heavenly Ambassador.

Tho' he guide others to Heaven by the plain-sailing Rules of the Gospel, yet he shapes his own Course by the nicer Rules of casuistical Divinity. Hence it is, that he shall preach you in the Morning about giving *Cesar* his Due, and the same Night run Commodities ashore for Sale, without wrong-
ing

ing the Rule of the Gospel; for *Cæsar*, he cries, wears no Petticoats.

In fine, he's the very Reverse of what he professes, and there's as great a Difference betwixt the Man and the Priest, as betwixt the Dutchess upon the Stage, and her behind the Scenes. He is a downright Paradox, greater than any he ever learnt at the University; or, to speak all in a Word, he is the Devil's grand Temptation, for by his openly sinning under a sanctify'd Habit, he openly burlesques God Almighty.

The Master of a Ship of War,

IS a Fellow indeed, for he's no less than Master of two Vessels: But as he cannot man both at once, he leaves the weaker behind; for she's generally so leaky, that she seldom but keeps her Pump going.

His Station is the Meridian Altitude of the lower kind of Midshipmen: His Mates make him the great Planet of their Observation; when their Exaltation is risen thus high, it is Noon-day with

with them, and they look no farther.

He is a Seaman every bit of him, and can no more live any while on dry Land than a Lobster; and but for that he is obliged sometimes to make a Step ashore, to new-rigg, and to lay in a Cargo of fresh Peck and Tipple, he cares not tho' he never see it.

Hence he becomes so over-seasoned with everlasting floating on Salt-water, that all the Land-Pumps in *England* cannot wash off his Brackishness. At every Turn, you discover him by his Phrases, as apparently as you can the Spots of the Moon with a Telescope. His Language is all *Heathen Greek* to a Cobler; and he cannot have so much as a Tooth drawn ashore, without carrying his Interpreter. It is the astinost Grinder aloft, on the Starboard Quarter, will he cry to the all-wondering Operator.

He's fuller of crabbed Terms than a *Moorfields* Conjuror, and bawls forth greater Contradictions than a young Sophist at *Cambridge*. You will hear him a thousand times cry out, *Thus, thus, it is very well thus, when the*
F
Wind

Wind is most contrary; and he shall be sure to bid the Steersmen to come no nearer, when he's farthest from his Port; nay, if you'll hearken to him, he'll swear you down, that a Ship can never sail well, when her Sails are in the Wind. Hence you are to take him by the Rule of Contraries; and, when he calls for a Couple of Hands, be assured he means four.

Take him in a Morning fasting, and he's as dry as an old Bisket; yet pour but a Can of Flip down his Bore, and you may with Ease pump every thing out of him.

Though a Flip-Can be his most intimate Companion, he has a much greater Veneration for a Punch-Bowl, which he hugs and salutes far oftner than he does his Doxy. He esteems it his trusty Friend, that's certain; for he never fails to unload all his Secrets in its Company; and, Lord! what a learned Discourse you shall sometimes have betwixt them.

For he shall (to the Wonder of Ignorance) illustrate, by the mere Assistance of this little Comerade, an hundred pretty

pretty Phænomenas, as plain as a Pike-staff; he shall demonstrate to you the Horizon, the Tropic, the Hemispheres, the Flux and Reflux of the Sea, and a great many more admirable Knowables, all within the little Circle of a Punch-bowl.

He has a Mathematical Brain, that's the Truth on't; for he will draw you from thence such a Number of Lines, Tangents, and Secants, that you'd wonder how the Devil his Skull contained them all, without endangering his Pericranium.

If he has made a Trip to *Jamaica*, or so, he shall tell ye he has been among the Antipodes, and will give you an undeniable Proof of the reverse Position of their Feet to ours, by a Louse crawling round his Hat-crown.

But his Talk is most upon the Doctrine of the Spheres, because he believes it above your Sphere to comprehend him. Out he brings his *Holland* Cheese upon this Subject, and delineates you upon that perishable Globe the Zodiac, the Equinoctial, the Ecciptic, the Colures, Azimuths, and Al-

micantors, and, in a word, every great and small Circle, from the very Zenith to the Nadir of mathematical Knowledge.

He fancies himself one of the first Magnitude in Astronomy, because he can run ye over the Constellations as glibly as the Points of his Compass; and tho' he cannot number the Stars, and call them all by their Names, yet he shall speak as peremptorily about the Milky-Way, as if he had turned it up there in the Ship *Argo*, as frequently as up our Channel in a Ship of War.

One so well acquainted with Heaven can be no Stranger to any Corners upon Earth, to be sure; and truly, if you'll believe him, he has seen more in his Days, than ever the Sun had Curiosity to pry into: And so liberal is he in his Cups, as to tell you all his Travels without asking; but in good faith, he that can have Patience to hear him out, may go trip with him all the World over, for he useth so many trifling Digressions, such impertinent Circumstances, and such a confounded

founded Number of Repetitions, that he shall be well nigh as long in recounting as in making a Voyage to the *Canaries*.

One might suspect him to be a very pious Fellow, for no Saint upon Earth looks oftener to Heaven-ward than he ; and yet, God knows, he has no more Sanctity than a Gypsy in him.

He trusts much more to the Sun for his Guide, than to the Creator of it, and makes use of the Stars to direct him home, as Drunkards do of Link-boys; and is every now and then learning his right way of *Taurus*, and such like horn'd Animals, as Strangers do of Shopkeepers in *London*.

He's one that's absolutely governed by the Changes of the Moon, and yet no *Jew* is more unalterable than he in his Opinions; but he often finds, that he can shape his Course much better in his Chart than on the Ocean.

The Captain trusts much more to him for a Guide than to the Parson; and he is not a little proud of it, inso-much, that tho' he will grant the Captain to be his Superior, yet he swears

himself to be a Man of much better Reckoning.

His Charge is very extensive, for nothing abroad is to be spent without his Privacy; he is ordained the impartial Surveyor of all the Ship's Provisions; and if he fare not very well by it, he may thank his own Honesty; but the Purser has more Cunning than to suffer any nice Scruples to lie unwashed off from his Conscience.

He's as kind to him as a Kidnapper is to a poor Country Cokes, and many times makes him so giddy with good Liquor, that he shall not distinguish Beer from Hogwash, and possibly, after a fair Probation, shall allow Sir—to be warrantable Victuals.

But his grand Charge is not so much the Mens Bellies, as the Ship's Carcase, to keep her aloof from Rocks, Sands, and Lee-shoars; if he can but weather all these, he troubles not his Head about weathering the Enemy.

His proper Elements are Wind and Water; the other two, of Fire and Metal, he leaves to those that love them: Not but that he can fight, and that

that very heartily too, after a lusty Swig at the Brandy-Bottle; then Enemy, or no Enemy in View, he will fight him, and sink him too; but it is with the Wind of his Mouth only.

He'll often tell ye what a Sprag he was in the Days of *Yore*, and what a fatal Thing the last *Dutch* War had proved, but for himself and few others. And truly if he had done as he talks, he had rare *Cuckold's Luck*, for you shall not find one Scar about him.

But now the best of his Days are over, he'll tell you; and besides, it is but an odd Kind of a War (this with the *French*), and he cannot set cordially about it; for what a thousand Pities is to be at Enmity with a Country that produces so much good Wine and Brandy?

But as old as he is, he's commonly a Fellow of much *Quicksilver*; and thence it comes, perhaps, that he foretels Winds and Weather more precisely than the best made Barometer in *Gresham* College.

His *Phiz* is the Beacon to all Fresh-water Sailors in bad Weather; they look

look much more to his fiery Face than to a Light-house; he's their sure Card at a dead Lift, and they trust to his Conduct in all *Channel-Courses*, as fully as a Blindman does his Dog in the Streets of *London*.

The Truth is, he knows our Sea-Coasts as well as a *Beggar* does his *Dish*, and is acquainted with the Nature and Depths of all Soundings but that of his Wife's Water-Course.

Now, all this put together, must needs make him follow his Nose with great Boldness; so that it is no wonder if he's more confident of his Way than a *Yorkshire* Carrier, and tells ye the Bearings of *Bow-Steeple* from *Tenneriff*, with more Assurance than the other can from *Highgate*.

But in good faith, he's many a time out in his Accounts, tho' he had rather run upon *Scilly* than own it; but own it he must, when he finds the Land-fall not to jump with his Reckoning; and then he looks as fullen as a *Rake-bell Heir*, when he sees his Father out-live the Predictions of a Twelve-penny Conjuror.

The

The first Lieutenant and he do often interfere in their Politicks, and they are more intent upon *each other's* Variations, than on *that* of the Compass; and hence it comes, that his Pride often makes him wish *himself* in a *Merchant-Ship*; for *there* he's sure to be *his own Master*.

If ever he makes a Trip by Land, it is a Wonder, and there must be some Storm *a gathering* to be sure, when he bears up to the Admiralty Board; all beyond *that Place* is *Terra incognita* to him.

He's soon equipped for his Journey, for he stows all *his Baggage* in *his Pockets*; and as for Boots and Spurs, he can no more wear them than the Bilbows.

But he must have his double Jug, before *he weighs*, that's certain, because wetting of *his Sails* will make *him run the faster*; so after a hearty Go-down to his boon Voyage, up *he hoists himself* a trip upon his Jig of a Horse, and sticks as close to *him* with *his Thighs*, as if he was got cross a Yard-arm.

Being

Being thus got priddy, *with the Reins reis'd thro' both Hands*, he streight *hawsls them aft* like Main-sheets; upon which the Steed makes Stern-way, to his no small Admiration.

But resolving to try the Jade by and large, he trims all sharp, *hawsls* oft upon one Rein only, and cuts with *his Legs* and *Heels* all *Weather*; but, instead of running *a-head*, about *Ship* goes the Beast, and tosses my Gentleman over-board.

But up *he skips* upon *his Legs*, as manfully as a Taylor upon a *Shop-board*, and finding that a Horse will neither answer the Helm nor his Expectations, he e'en orders *him back* to *his Moorings*, and *streight* takes a Birth in the *Stage-Coach*, which always makes her Way as good as she looks.

The Purser,

IS a Kind of *Pythagorean Philosopher*, not because of his *Pocket-holes*, for his *Breeches* are commonly well-lined, but for his many *Transmigrations*, having lived in various Regions, and
rubbed

rubbed through many Callings, before he came to be a Purser in the Navy: His last *Metamorphosis* is generally from being a poor Knave in the *Fleet*, near the *Old Bailey*, to be a substantial Gentleman in the *Fleet* at *Spithead*.

He's the Man can boast that he never purchased his Preferment with Money, for it was his Want of it that got him shuffled into his Post, that he might clear off his Debts at the Sailors Cost.

If he chance to be a sharp Fellow, that is, in the Language of People that know no better (a very cunning Knave), he's sure to be mightily in the Captain's Books, and seldom fails of rising to be his Privy-Counsellor.

Whenever he and his Commander meet in a friendly Conjunction, it portends the Ruin of the common Crew, more infallibly than the Conjunction of his Wife with some *Wapping Tar*, does that of his Reputation.

He and the Hogs are sure never to want, for they take the Meat from other Mens Bellies: Many a Sailor, that had a Carcase as burly as a Captain's, falling into his Clutches, have been reduced

reduced to a Horseman's Weight, and under.

He's the most excellent Alchymist in Nature, for he can transmute rotten Pease, and musty Oat-meal, into pure Gold and Silver, with very little Expence in the Operation; for when, in a homeward bound Voyage, the Provisions are grown as rotten as his Carcase, he gets his Friend the Captain to put the whole Crew to full Allowance, tho' no thinking Creature, but his Hogs, will devour it: Sheep, as simple as they are, have Sense enough to refuse it.

In him Miracles are not ceased, for he oft-times turns Water into Wine, and Wine into Water, with one mere *Fiat* to his Steward; but all this is no great Wonder, in a Man that has to do with the Devil.

The King advanceth him the ready Penny, to purchase Wine abroad for the Service of the Ship's Company, but they get but a sorry Share of it, and that adulterated into the Bargain. Hence the poor Souls, to support Nature, are obliged, by Anticipation, to spend

their Pay upon the very Wine that was assigned them at the Price of Ship-Beer.

The worser Liquor he keeps, the more he brews his own Profit; he shall draw more Gain from wretched gripegut Stuff, in one Forenoon, than a Dozen Ale-wives from all their Taps on a Day of Thanksgiving,

He's far from that laudable Practice of courting his Customers with Sunday-Dinners, because the less they drink, the more he reckons himself obliged to them.

He allows Salt Flesh Meat to be a damned rippling scurvy Diet, and would fain have it changed into wholesome Pease and Burgoo, for the Benefit of the Sailors; but, in good Faith, it is only his own Bags that would thrive by the Project, he getting more by one Pannian-Day than many others.

It burns him to the very Soul, to see one Candle blaze above ordinary, and oft makes him cry out in the Words of the Collect, *Lighten our Darknefs, good Lord!* which is all the Prayer that he makes use of; and truly

ly he needs none, for all the Ship's Company daily pray for him, but they pray as they row, backwards.

One would think him of a very preposterous Constitution, for he keeps his Tallow best in Summer, and melts down to nothing in Winter Seasons. He hates great Fires worse than great Frosts, and wonders what the Devil we are made of Abroad, that good Punch cannot warm us enough without his Charcoal.

Tho' his Courage be as little as his Honesty, yet he sometimes prays for a warm Brush, or so, to help him to Firewood: for fighting costs him nothing.

He is lodged so far under Water, that a Bullet must be sent by a particular Providence, if it reach him. Thus, while others battle it aloft, he sits as snug as a Bee in a Box, making his Honey; for all those that drop in the Engagement, are sure to die Debtors.

He is as much alarmed in a Storm as the Chaplain; and tho' many will tell him, for his Consolation, that he has a hanging Look, yet he still persuades him-

himself, that the Devil can turn a Man's Destiny.

If ever he be good, it must be plaguy bad Weather; and as all violent Changes are short, his Honesty and the Storm blow over together.

He whores with Moderation for Conscience sake, for a sound Clap and a bad Conscience never agree together; small Beer being the Doctor's Receipt for the one, and a Bowl of Punch for the other.

His Steward and he often compare Notes together, and the Bottom of their Accompts jump as like as the Devil is to the Collier. The Truth is, were it not for this Under-Rogue, and his Superiors, he would be a very rich Fellow; but the poor Slave is so squeezed on the one Hand and the other, that he has but just Substance enough left to satisfy the ordinary Lusts of Nature; for *Old Nick* takes Care he buys no Land with his Money.

He is a rare Fellow for giving a bad Captain a good Word; and prays as heartily for the Continuance of easy heedless Commanders, as *Deal Men* do

for Storms and thick Weather; for an honest Officer will make him so too, and that alack ! will be his Ruin.

Next to himself, there is no Man living he has so great a Value for as the Clerk of the Check, whom he generally calls his Father ; and well he may, for the Knave is as like him, as a Shoplifter is like a Thief.

He procrastinates his Accounts with the Navy-Board, just as he does with Heaven; he refers all to his Death-bed, and then he thinks to bilk both the King and God Almighty : But if ever he do, he will cheat the Devil most confoundedly, and leave an everlasting Consolation to all Excisemen, Stock-jobbers, and Petty-foggers, who, after him, need never fear going to Heaven in a String.

The Surgeon,

IS your old Acquaintance, the Barber, that has stept from the demolishing of Beards, to the Practice of more sanguine Operations.

The

The common Crew call him the Phyfician of the Ship; that is to fay, the Scavenger, that cleanfeth away all the Dirt and Natlinefs that lies in the Channels of Men's Bodies, and that proves offensive to human Nature.

He is generally reputed a Man of Letters, for Dr. T——r and he ftudied both at the fame Univerfity; but his Practice differs very much from that learned Doctor's, for he loved to keep Men in everlafting *Blindnefs*.

To define him precifely, he's no downright *Paracelfian*, *Galenift*, nor Operator, but a Hodg-podge of all together. He's no *Digbean* Virtuofa, that's certain, for he knows not how to fym-pathife with any Man's Wounds whatever.

If he has a fmattering in Chemyftry, he is a toping Spark indeed, and gabbles about the Intrails of Nature, like any Heathen Philofopher: But of all his Knowables, *Alkali* and *Acid* he efteems to be the very *Ne plus ultra* of phyfical Discoveries.

The Myftery of his Art and Science, confifts in a long Lift of Fuffian Words

Phrases, whose true Sense he is more puzzl'd to lay, than to anatomise the Body of a fat Capon : And as for his Performace upon Legs and Arms, he does it after a Way, 'tis true ; but, betwixt you and me, the Slaughter-house on *Tower-hill*, would scarce grant him there Journeyman's Wages.

He's too lazy and proud to visit common Sailors ; and they are not sick enough, he thinks, who are able to come and tell him their Ailments. And hence 'tis plain, that he may with Justice boast, that very few die under his Hands, which is as much as *Ratcliff* himself could pretend to.

The poorest Patients are sure to fare best where he is, because he leaves them to Nature, the less dangerous Doctor of the two. But an Officer with a Purse, must be sure to part with it, as a Badger with his Stones, if ever he hopes to bring off his Carcass.

He's unalterably convinced, that almost all our Distempers proceed from an over Repletion ; and therefore his first Intention in all Cures, is, to empty your Pockets ; which strikes at the
very

very Root of all Intemperance.

He does not so much lay claim to the Learning, as the Title of a Doctor; for he values himself mostly upon the tender Touches of his Hand in Operations: And truly, those that try him, generally acknowledge his *Leger-demain* to be singular, for he shall conjure forth your Gold, without once touching the Purse-strings.

Sometimes his Captain, being disabled by some unlucky Shot 'twixt Wind and Water, repairs to him for a Refitment; but, to his greater Misfortune, he brings his Mainmast by the Board, in laying him upon the *Careen*; and then ten to one but *Lucifer* gets him for Firewood soon after.

The Chaplain and he are oft chopping Logick together upon the Quarter-deck, to the Astonishment of the gaping By-standers; and tho' they differ like two Empyricks in their Opinions, they jump in this, they both thrive most by our Vices; the old Bawd befriending the one, as much as *Old Nick* does the other; Experience teaching us every Day, that one pocky
Whore

Whore brings the Surgeon more Grist in, than a thousand *French* Cannon.

Next to Whores, Punch is his best Friend, that being an approv'd Fomenter of Blood and Wounds, which brings him in many more Crown-pieces, than ever he had from his Father.

His Tools are of various Sorts and Sizes; his best he always carries in his Breeches; and the most of these are of Silver, that's certain, for there's no probing a Man well, he thinks, with viler Metal. He's as proud of these, as a *Highlander* is of a Pair of Bagpipes, yet he's somewhat prouder of that long Tool of his, that hangs without board, which, tho' purposely forged for the Destruction of Flesh and Blood, it does the least Harm of any other.

He seldom rails against any of his Fraternity, for he thinks it very imprudent to dissect the Disabilities of his Brother; nay, he will frankly own every one but himself to be the second best Artist in the Navy.

His Pots bear Proportion to the Size of his Shop, which is near the Dimensions of an over-grown Sea-chest; but
how

how small soever his Stock be, 'tis more than enough for his Practice, for he needs not a Salve for every Sore.

He adjusts his Prescriptions, as a Country Shoe-maker does his Lasts ; he makes one and the same Recipe serve to an hundred various Tempers and Circumstances : For there's no standing upon Niceties, he cries, with Fellows that have the Constitution of a Horse.

He's not much guilty of feeling his own Pulse, or following the Measures he prescribes to others. There's no Bolus to him comparable to a new-laid Egg, nor no Julip like to a Glass of true honest Claret ; so that if others made no more use of his Stink-pots than he does himself, he might conserve all his Medicines till Dooms-day.

His Business at home is nothing, for no Prophet is admired in his own Country : But he does Wonders in *Portugal* and *Spain*, for with Catholick Faith he can do any thing.

'Tis an insufferable bold Intrusion, for any to cast an Eye into his Compositions ; and yet he's sure to have an Oar in other Mens Concerns. You'd wonder

wonder to hear him sometimes, for 'tis hard to tell whether he or a Storm possesses the Ignorant most with Fear ; so diffident is he of the Quarter-deck's Sufficiency in bad Weather.

He's oft and many a Time teasing the poor Master with impertinent Queries, and will be offering to rectify him in Fogs and bad Weather. He determines where ye are by the Temperature of the Air, and is confident, he can hit the Channel in a homeward-bound Voyage, as easily as the Joint of a Finger.

He's not very backward in propagating his Science, for a simple pocky Swabber, he shall, by due Gradations from the Mystery of Loblolly-making, to that of a Clyster, swell him up to a Journeyman Doctor, provided always, that the Swab consign him over his Wages for his Labour.

Such as these are his Hands to perform his Medicinal Wonders with ; these bring him the Accounts of the Sick and their Distempers, and wait his Responses, which he gives them streight in the turning of a Pestle ; not with the
 tabnew double-

double-fac'd Ambiguity of the Oracles of old, but hab nab, and as boldly as if he had just come himself from searching their Intrails with a lighted Candle.

He's equally proud of being thought a *Medicus*, and an Atheist, and yet the Fool seems to rely on somewhat above his own Providence ; for he lives from Hand to Mouth, and leaves the Morrow to take Care for itself.

Being very intimate with People's Secrets, he makes very free with their Tables too, and thinks no Cordial is comparable to an elemosinary Dinner.

In the Region he inhabits, he's pretty well sconc'd against Bullets, and all Perils, but that of sinking : And truly *Storms* and *bad Reckonings*, give him sometimes such deadly Apprehensions, that you may even smell them sometimes to Leeward of ye.

This infernal Region of his, he calls the Cock-pit ; and well it may, for there he has slain many a Game-cock in his Time. 'Tis a bloody Place, that's the Truth on't, and dark enough to hide all his Miscarriages.

Here the Purser and he set up their
Horses

Horses together, because the latter he knows never wants Provender ; here they carouse, to the Destruction of all mortified Limbs and empty Bellies ; and are two such faithful Cronies, that they never flinch, but fairly drop down by each other.

He trusts much to the Continuance of the War, but more to his own Impudence ; by the Help of which and a Twelvemonth's Pay, you may chance to find him elevated on a Stage on *Tower-bill*, when the Peace is concluded.

In fine, one would conclude him a rank Knave, because none in the Ship desire to have Dealings with him ; but however he may be thought in his own Days, Posterity is infinitely beholden to him, being the chiefest Man in his Generation, that makes Elbow-room for another.

The Gunner,

IS commonly a Spawn of the Captain's own Projection ; he was originally his Footboy, and from thence, Step by Step,

mounted to be his Steward; in which Station, having acquitted himself with singular Sharpness, his Creator rewarded him with this lazy Office of a Gunner, which was the Mark he always aim'd at.

He commonly has as little Occasion to exercise his Art, as he desires, and I dare say, he desires never to have any; not that Gun-powder stinks so very abominably in his Nostrils, rather he loves dearly to hear his Guns speak, provided it be not against an Enemy.

He loves the King's Birth-day most loyally, and wisheth he had twenty every Year; for those are the lucky Times, when he cheats his Majesty most zealously.

He commemorates Gun-powder Treason, with a Treason upon Gun-powder; for he defaults his Guns so exorbitantly, that a Tar, after a hearty Meal of Pease, shall make his Bum rattle a Thanksgiving Peal much louder than his Cannons. But what's wanting in his Guns, is made up in his

H

Cups

Cups which are sure to have full Measure.

Hence it comes, that the longer Practitioner he is, you find him make the worser Fires, still coming shorter of his due Length; and there is no getting him to mend his Hand, for should he give Guns their due Load, it would break him.

If you'll credit his Oath or Testimony, his Captain must needs be a plaguy bloody Fellow, for he's sure to make him expend, in his Accompts, more Powder and Ball in every trifling Cruise, than was blown away at the Battle of *Hockstedt*.

One would wonder why he, of all Men, should want a Gold Medal, for his Services; for he husbands the King's Stores to Admiration, a thousand times converting into solid Gold, what his fiery Superior had order'd to be turn'd into nought but Smoak and Thunder.

All Ships are alike to him, excepting Channel-Cruizers, which are superlatively the best for his Purpose, not because they fight most, but clean oftenest;

oftenest; and every Time she docks, he is sure to sweep fifty Pounds at least into his Pocket, besides his Pay and Prize-money.

Many a Boat-load of smuggled Ware has he popt forth at his Gun-room Ports, while the Rogue the Tide-waiter, voluntarily trick'd into a Game at All-fours, is at the other End of the Ship, or is laid along upon some Chest, knock'd down by an unmerciful Bowl of Punch or two.

As heavy as his Guns are, they are certainly more active than he is, and do the King fifty times more Service; for his grand Amusement is eating and drinking; his Sleeps are moderate enough, just to suffice Nature, and make him ready for a fresh Attack: Were it not for these, he would be a lost Man, for his Mates do all his other Business for him.

Hence he has but very little to do, if he do honestly; but this is as impossible with him, as to hit the Moon with a Cannon-Shot: 'Tis an uncomatable Mark, that's certain, for he can no more abstain from futtling on board,

and running Goods ashore, than he can refrain from talking Bawdy in modest Company.

No Officer, but his Captain, is accommodated like him; he challengeth the Gun-room, as his hereditary Estate, where he struts about like any Crow in a Gutter; and 'tis not for Want of Pride, but Courage, if he allow any Man living the Right-Hand within his District.

His People, as he calls them, obey him like Slaves, and yet every one besides himself, must call them Gentlemen Gunners within his Territories, where he's a little King in his own Conceit, and may pass for a great one in the Opinion of others; for he makes more new Lords and Ladies in one Twelve-month, within his Confines, than any one Prince in *Christendom*.

He ruleth by the Sword, like any Usurper; nay, and so horrid a Tyrant is he, as to keep it ever unsheath'd, and never lets it rust, or lie dormant in a Scabbard.

This is his Sword of State, which never goes forth of his Dominions;
but

but he wears another on Shore, more by the Instigations of his Wife than his own Heart; for he has predetermin'd never to draw it in Anger; 'tis no Matter therefore what the Blade is, so the Hilt be a good one, and truly it is as good as Silver can make it.

When he has this swagging by his Quarter, and his bob Wig tied up behind like a Horse-tail, he's then a Gentleman all over in his own Conceit; tho' Heaven knows the vain Fool's no more like one, than a Barber's Pole is like a Whipping-post.

The Carpenter,

IS a Tool the Captain makes use of to cut the King's Timber to his own Service.

Tho' he be generally but a rough hewn Fellow, yet he values himself upon a well-built Hull; and as for his Intellects, they are much about the same Model with the Master's, for he has little more of the Mathematicks than the Boatswain.

He's an honest Subject, that's cer-



tain, for he's far more careful about keeping the King's Ship tight than his own Fly-boat; and though he be but, as it were, one of the lower Bends of a Man of War, yet 'tis well known she cannot swim safely without him.

His Business lies mainly in unforeseen Jobs, which is always perform'd by his Underlings; from whence one may reasonably infer, that he's himself no Workman; the Truth is, he's but a wooden Artist at the best, and a Tinker may justly take the Wall of him, for he makes all his Vessels tight without either Pitch or Oakum.

His Stomach must needs be sharper than his Ax, for he whets the one every Morning duly, and the other perhaps but once a Quarter; no Wonder then, if the keenest rides the most Work, for he eats at a Breakfast more than will counterpoize his whole Day's Labour.

How idle soever he be himself, he keeps so strict a Hand over his Crew, that he won't suffer them to make one Holy-day; yet, in spite of all his Bluster, they will sometimes (oh wonderful!)

derful!) make half a Dozen in one Morning.

One would not suspect him, by his Phiz, for a Politician, and yet 'tis thought he employs as many Tools in the King's Service as both our State-Secretaries; and like a true Master of that Science, he makes Loggerheads to be of as much Use as Blades of keener Metal.

But what shews him really to be something of a State-Fox, is, his setting a Value upon all his Doings; for he never lifts his Hand to any Work but you are sure to hear on't, being the most noisy Fellow living, in all his Undertakings.

He's the only Fellow on board that professes to do every thing by Rule and Measure, and yet he has his Flaws as well as others: He can spy out the Faults in the Structure of a Boat, sooner than those of himself; and shall bring ye to rights, a warp'd Piece of Plank, with far more Facility than his own crooked Manners.

But after all, he has generally the least Bundle of Pride of all the other
Officers,

Officers, whereas one would think he should have the most of any, as being one of the most trusty Timbers of the Commonwealth; for without the Carpenter, the Navy would sink, and carry down the Kingdom along with it.

You rarely hear him thunder and swear like the Boatswain, perhaps, because he has far less Occasion. He will own himself to be a frail Piece of Workmanship, but he'll tell ye withal, that he would not be so daringly impious as some on board are, for all the Wood in *Chatham*.

He knows the Cube-Root perfectly well, but does not pretend to Gauging; and thence, perhaps, it comes, that he's so often out of measure in his drinking; but yet most People deem him a sober Fellow, because strong Liquor never oversets him.

He cannot but pity the Surgeon's Simplicity, for calling himself the Ship's Doctor, when all the World knows, that none but the Carpenter looks to her Wounds, and cures all her Ailments: And truly he is a most admirable Operator; he will knit ye fast a
broken

broken Rib in a Morning fasting, and fix ye a Couple of new Knees, when the old ones are shot to the Devil, and the Ship, the very next Hour after, shall run ye as fast as ever ; but what's the most strange of all things, he shall make her swim from one End of the World to the other, with her Head as clean cut off as *St. Patrick's*, and without one Grain of Miracle in't. What puzzles him most, are Shots 'twixt Wind and Water, which oft prove as fatal to the Ship, as a lost Maidenhead to a Virgin.

He's married, as well as his Brother *Warrants*, that's to be sure, and his honest Neighbours tell him, for his Comfort, that he has got a good one ; but he that measures every thing by Inches, is fully convinced, that she's a Daughter of *Eve*, and that all Women are Chips of the same Block.

He might pass for a Saint among the Godly, that know no better, because he gives out to be always a-mending ; but his Wife, that knows him best of any, will often tell him, that the longer he lives he's the worser Man : And alas,
how

how should it be otherwise, for he is not harder than cold Iron, and his hardest Tools are the worse for wearing.

Yet in good Faith, he's a knotty Piece of Timber, and the more you soak him, the tougher he grows, inso-much, that the sharpest Means then won't work him to any thing.

The Days of fair Weather are Halcyon Days to him; but Storms and Tempests put him upon double Duty, having both the King's Ship and his own Soul to take care of; but the last Task is soon whipt over, for after a hearty Ejaculation or two, with a short Breakfast upon the Crumbs of Comfort, well settled down with a humming Stroke at the *Brandy-bottle*, fortifies him in an Instant against all Weathers.

In fine, he's one that in his own Person has but little more to do than the Gunner; and provided the Season be not over stormy, he may sing a *Quietus* to his Bones all the Summer.

The only Cross he dreads most, is a cross-grain'd Wind, when at Sea, for that runs him out in his Cargo of Belly-Timber; and then the Lord help him,
for

for he shall look as dead as a Fish deserted by the Sea, and gape and yawn at every Turn, like an Oyster; but home he gets at last, and so gives over dreaming at Nights of Flip and Tobacco.

The Boatswain,

IS a Kind of a *Jack with a Box*, for let him but whistle once, and you have a hundred or more *Cartesian* Puppets, pop up upon Deck, and run about, and streight disappear again in an Instant.

It is not so much his fine Silver-call, as the illustrious Chain that it hangs by, that is the distinguishing Badge of his Post, and which he's as proud of as my Lord Mayor is of his, and prouder.

But this is allowed him for Ornament only, as you do Bells about the Neck of a Fore-horse: His Badge of Power, is his Bamboo, which, though tip'd with simple Twine-thread, is venerated like the Battoon of a General; and truly it does Soldier-like Execution, having maul'd more White-coats, than ever fell at the Battle of *Blenheim*.

'This

This small Stick of his, has wonderful Virtues in it, and seems little inferior to the Rod of *Moses*, of miraculous Memory; it has cured more of the Scurvy, than the Doctor, and made many a poor Cripple take up his Bed, and walk; sometimes it makes the Lame to skip, and run up the Shrowds like a Monkey; but what's most wonderful, it makes heavy-ars'd Fellows tumble up from below, contrary to the Tendency of all heavy Bodies, which tumble downward.

He distributes his Drubs with the same Equity that the Captain does his Favours; for when he calls for Men from below, and call more than once, he's sure to beat the first and readiest that comes up, whilst the Hulkers that lag behind always save their Bacon.

But he's then most terrible in the Captain's Presence; let *Jove* but say the Word, and streight he begins to execute his Judgments, darting his Rattan Thunderbolt *Alle Volles*, at the case-hardened Sculls of the quacking Sailors.

And yet this same Tool of his, is but a mere Sugar-candy-stick, in Comparison

son to his Cat of Nine-tails. *Cerberus* is not more dreadful to the Dead, than this Cat is to the Living ; but indeed she's never let loose, but by Order of the Commander, who many a Time flashes a Man out of the same Itch of Fancy, that he cats a Woman.

But were his Call, Stick, and Cat too, all thrown over-board, he yet would distinguish himself by his 'Throat ; for no Ais in *Cbristendom* brays like himself ; he varies his Notes to the Occasion, and sometimes it is so unaccountably terrible, that the poor simple sort of Tars will run from it, like Country Dogs from the Horn of a Sow-gelder.

But a thorough-pac'd *Sailor* makes a large Allowance between his Tongue and his Stick ; Oaths and horrid Threats, are but Wind, they cry, and they value no such Puffs, if they can but weather a Beating.

'Tis that right Hand of his, that gets him doubly more than what his settled Pay amounts to ; for almost a third of the Ship's Crew are more or less in Fee with him, making their Purse compound for their Heads and Shoulders.

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The Truth is, he is a terrible Scare-crow to all but those that are in Fee with him, and they seem to dread him worse than Hell ; for they will sometimes give each other to the Devil, but never are they once so wicked in their Anger, as to wish the Boatswain may take him into his Clutches.

He's a damned thundering Fellow, that's certain, and oft gives the Purser a fair Pretext for his bad Bear, alledging, that the Boatswain sowers it with his Bellowing.

He's as noisy about Trifles as the Lieutenant, and it much better becomes him, he shall roar forth Death and Destruction about the hoisting of a Water-cask, and makes as much Clamour about the dropping of a Dog's Turd, as the falling of a Top-mast.

He may boast with *Cæsar*, that he can call every Man by his Name, for he dignifies all his Umbras with the Title of Dog, Rogue, or Rascal ; and they will answer to it more readily, than if he gave them more Christian Epithets.

He has a thousand pretty Phrases and
Ex-

Expressions pickt up at *Billinggate*, and elsewhere, which he never sends abroad without bedecking them with all the embroider'd Oaths and Curses that can be had for Love or Money.

His drinking much Flip, makes him woundy subject to the Vapours; vex him then, and he shall swell and sputter like a roasted Apple, and you can no more handle him, than hot Cockles.

He has Wit in his Liquor, that's certain, for though he's often tipsy, it's at other Mens Cost. He loveth Frugality like Pease-Pudding, and hoards up his Pence as a Farmer does Muck, to better his Copy-hold when the Season offers. Money he tells ye, will purchase better than a Winding-Tackle, and is able to hoist the heaviest Dunce in the Fleet, to the Top-mast-head of Preferment.

He's a great Admirer of good Chear, and being a very near Neighbour to the Cook-room, there's nothing of Good can come there, but he smells it out immediately, and it will go plaguy hard if he miss a Snack of it.

He measures his Prosperity by the

mentions of his Corps, and his Hopes of Preferment swell in Proportion to his Belly. A burly Carcase he believes a grand Qualification, and the best Recommender to a Commission. A lean Body in a Captain, he thinks as ugly as a lean Quarter in a Sheep; and he cannot comprehend that foolish Saying, *A tall Man in a little Body.*

He takes Impudence to be a true Token of inward Courage, and Sauciness the proper Right of a freeborn *Englishman*; and 'tis much easier breaking his Head, than breaking him of either.

He has Pride enough to qualify him for a Captain, and often persuades himself he shall be one, because worse Boatswains than he have come to be so before him.

He fancies himself the only best Sailor in the Ship, and would have you believe, that she had perished a hundred Times, had he been from her; not but that he'll allow his Superiors on board to be tolerably good Navigators, and so forth. But alas! they want the main Point; for shew
me

me the Gentleman, cries he, that can knot or splice, or make a Pudding as it should be?

The plain Truth is, he's a rare Fellow in his Way, and a very *Busby* in all Sea-Language; but Rigging is his Master-piece; he shall cast ye a Knot, whip stick, in a Twinkling, as intricate as the *Gordian* one; and for a running Noose, this new *Ketch* is but a Fool to him.

He mortally hates your Gentlemen Volunteers; 'tis barbarous, he cries, to have the Bread thus pick'd from our Mouths by little *Tom Estenors*; and wonders why they'll be such Block-heads to expose themselves to Seas and Bullets, when they may suck their Paws at home in a whole Skin.

He merits a like Commendation with the wise Steward in the Gospel, and yet after all, he will tell ye, he's as honest a Man as any in the Navy, Disparagement to no Man.

Peruse his Expence-Books, and you'd wonder how the Devil the Ship got safe home; for he makes more Expences of Ropes and Canvass in one Summer's

Expedition, than a whole *East-Indian* Fleet in two Twelve-months. But all must be right and just, that's certain, for the Captain has set his Hand to the Truth of it.

He must certainly believe there can be no such Thing as Hell-fire under Salt-water, else he would never be giving himself so oft as he does to the Devil; but how frequently soever he damns himself, he is sure to damn others much oftner. In short, he's a Fellow that will throw away ten times more Oaths and Strokes in hoisting out a Barge, than in boarding an Enemy.

But, Zounds, he'll cry, what would you have me do? A Man without Noise, is a Thing without a Soul, and fit for nothing but a Pissing-Post. And yet, after all his Sputter and Din, let him but once reach the Mark he aims at, of being Boatswain to a first Rate Ship, and he shall straight give out, and become as lazy as an old Pensioner.



A Sea-Cook,

HAS been an able Fellow in the last War, and had been so in this too, but for a scurvy Bullet at *La Hogue*, that shot away one of his Limbs, and so cut him out for a Sea-Cook. But how disabl'd soever he be himself, his Mate is a rare Stick of Wood for a Furnace.

The Captain's Cook and he are Opposites, as well in their Practice as in their Habitations, and seldom or never make IncurSIONS into each other's Provinces.

His Knowledge extends not to half a Dozen Dishes; but he's so pretty a Fellow at what he undertakes, that the bare Sight of his Cookery gives you a Belly-full.

He cooks by the Hour Glass, as the Parsons preach Sermons; and will no more surpass one Puncto of Time, than a scrupulous *Virtuoso* in the Concoction of his Stomach, or an Alchymist in the cooking of his grand Elixir.

All his Science is contained within the Cover of a Sea-Kettle. The composing,

posing of a Minc'd-pye, is Metaphysicks to him ; and the roasting of a Pig as puzzling as the squaring of a Circle.

Not but that he has an admirable Hand in squeezing of Silver from Beef-fat ; which he does with as much Dexterity as a Quack does Gold from a Dog's Turd ; and though the Extraction be very gross, it's yet so well refined, that it does not, in the least, smell of the Kettle.

He has sent the Fellow a thousand times to the Devil that first invented Lobsouse ; but, for that lewd Way of wasting Grease, he had grown as fat in Purse as a *Portsmouth* Alderman, and made his Son seven Years ago a down-right Gentleman.

He's never so hungry as to lick his own Fingers, nor such a Fool, as to wipe them on his Breeches ; but he sweeps off the luscious Stuff as cleverly as a Dairy-Maid does her Butter, and firkins it too up as carefully.

The Purser (when at a low Ebb for Butter) helps out his Stock by a dexterous Mixture with the Cook's Ware ; and as for Candles, he can never be in
the

the Dark, so long as the Cook has any Fat about him, with which he makes Lights to lighten the Gentiles, to the Glory of his saving Invention.

Tho' salt Water's the Element that supports him, yet he can no more live without Fire than a Salamander: Were this once extinguished, *Old Nick* and he might return to *Terra firma*, and go a grazing for a Subsistence.

He's an excellent Meis-mate for a Bear, being the only two-legg'd Brute that lives by his own Grease; but tho' he be no lean Scab, yet he's very rarely purfy; and no Wonder, for there's near as much Stuff drops from his Carcase every Day, as would tallow the Ship's Bottom.

Most People imagine him a very lousy Animal, and yet he's as little molested with that Vermin as a Duchess; for that roving Tribe being naturally, as soon as they can but creep, inclined to travel, are sure to meet with such fat Entertainment in the adjacent Territories of his tattered Apparel, that, like prudent *Caledonians*, they never

once

once return again to their native Country.

Tho' he's born within the Pale of the Church, few would think him a Christian, he's so wholly given over to the Works of the Devil; for *Lucifer* himself can never be more busy than he every Day in burning, boiling, and broiling. The real Truth is, any one would guess him to have been a seven Years Apprentice to the Prince of Darkness; for he is never without a Pair of Tormentors in his Hand, and the Devil in his Mouth, and his Phiz so everlastingly reeking with Sweat and Grease, as if he was come just piping hot from *Old Nick's Kitchen*.

If ever he prays, 'tis in a Morning fasting, and that is to some Tag-rag, to fetch him a little Ship-beer; for his Tongue and Palate are so parched, as if he had been all Night Bed-fellow with *Dives*. Truly one so eternally toasting before the Fire, must needs be very crusty.

Though he wants cooling Breezes the most of any, he had rather have one *Bottle of Brandy* than a Ship-load
of

of *Stamford* Air at any Time. He sucks in Smoak like a *Virginia* Planter, and is every Morning hanging his Head over the unctious Steams of the Caldron, as the Wits at *Will's* do over Coffee; which circulating round his Cranion, limbecks out at his Nose again, to the great Refreshment of his Understanding.

Tho' he never wears Gloves, his Hands are as white as his Forehead; yet his Chin is very often clearer than either, for he is shaved once a Moon, to be sure; and then his Face looks like the Lady *Luna* indeed, in her first Quarter, the lower Hemisphere of his Phiz looking as bright as a clean-scour'd Frying-pan, or the Posteriors of a scalded Hog, or whiter. But as for the rest of him, he's all of a Piece; the very Sight of him is a Breakfast to a hungry Soldier, and his Smell as good as *Assa fætida* to a Girl in Fits of the Mother.

In fine, he's so everlastingly encompass'd with Smoak, and his Face so caked over with Soot, that—. But hold, ads Death, the Rogue, with his
green

green Billets, has raised such a Funk in the Fore-castle, that the Devil himself cannot stay to draw him longer ; yet he that has seen the one, may easily know the other, when he meets him, *Old Nick* and a Sea-Cook being far more alike than a Collier—.

A Midship-Man,

IS the first Rate Line in a Ship towards the Topmast-head of Preferment; for all Admirals, as well as Captains, are obliged to begin their Rise here.

The Quarter-deck is his ordinary Station, which in a Winter's Night he traverses, Hank for Hank, a thousand times over in a Watch, without losing one Inch by Leeway, provided he be not overloden.

'Tis hard to say, upon a moderate Gale, whether he or the Ship go fastest. When the Bell once rings, his Cruise is over, and he comes to an Anchor in *Sot-Bay*, to re-water.

As he has more Grains of Understanding than a common Sailor, he's
allow-

allowed more Pounds of Cash for it ; and yet, at the Year's End, there is not a Pin to choose betwixt their Purfes ; for he always lives up to the Dignity of his Character.

He will have no Familiarity with any Liquor below Flip, and contemns every thing that's under Linsey-Wolsey. He will have a Whore of Fashion, tho' he pay for it ; and he's sure to pay for it indeed, for Silk-petticoats are not to be had for the uptaking.

He enjoys more Variety of Females than the Grand Seignior ; for from *Japan* to *Mexico* is his Seraglio ; but generally, after he has tried all things, he takes up at last with the old Rule, and holds fast to that which is good ; and truly he rarely fails of being clinch'd to the best in *Christendom*.

Though he be elevated in Preferment, Quarter-deck Height above a Foremast-man, yet, to balance Accounts, (as all subalternary things are disposed by Weight and Measure) he's one half of his Days depress'd under the other's Feet, being birth'd in that infernal Cell, the Orlope, where he that

can choose to live contentedly, need never trouble his Head what Lodgings are chalked out for him in the other World.

He distinguishes himself on a clear Day, by carrying a Fore-staff; which, tho' not the tenth Part so long as a *Tom T--man's Pole*, he's yet tentimes prouder of it. With this he fancies he does Wonders, when, God knows, it amounts to no more but only to solve that simple Question, *Where are we?* which every Child in *London* can tell you.

Tho' he commonly passes for a very lewd Spark, yet he's every now and then correcting his Course. He must needs be a Fellow of sure Footing; for so diffident is he of his Ways, that he won't trust his own Eyes, even at Noon-day, but when the Sun shines.

But tho' he's more beholden to *Sol* than a Quaker to his inward Light, he is yet so ungrateful, ill-bred a Pimp, as constantly to turn his Arse upon that glorious Benefactor then, when he most of all befriends him.

He's elevated as high as *Flamstead*, in his own Conceit, and is oftentimes shewing

shewing you a Sample of his Ingenuity. He can prove the Purser a Rogue by *Gunter's* Scale, and compose a Bowl of Punch by the Rules of Trigonometry. There is no Controversy but he determines with Fractions ; and is very often teaching common Dunces the Rules of Division at his own Cost.

But he values himself most upon keeping a judicious Account of the Ship's Way. If his Reckoning in a long Voyage, jump with his Land-fall, he's as exalted a poor Rogue, as that old mathematical Conjuror, with his Oureke, Oureke ; and you may cut his Stones from him at that Moment, without any Perception.

But, besides these Labours of his Pen and Brain, he keeps a Record of all Accidents worth Observation ; and to be sure, all his are weighty Notices, when he entitles Change of Winds and Weather, remarkable Occurrences.

He's weather-wise enough to foresee Winds and bad Weather, but is never so wise as to lay up for a rainy Day ; and thence it comes, that he seldom has his Coat cut to his Cloth, which

occasions him oftentimes to go without a Pocket : But to rectify this Want, which is his Aversion, he turns his Sur-tout into a lousy Jacket, which turns him afore the Mast directly ; for to walk the Quarter-deck in *Quirpo*, is to walk against the Rules of the Navy.

He can no more be without Chalk than an Ale-wife ; and, like her too, is every Day given to Double-dealing ; for every Twelve he shall count Twenty-four, and impudently swear you down, that it is no false Reckoning.

He's one that sometimes passes under the Discipline of the Cane or Fist ; that is, whenever he is guilty of that great Sin of Omission, of not giving timely Notice of the Captain's going from, or coming into the Ship. One or two Rubbers for such a horrid Negligence, makes him ever after look as sharp out to all Boats, as Constables do the Vizard-masks at the Play-house.

His backward Stars, and bad Weather, puts him often upon cursing his ill-made Choice ; and yet his best
Friends

Friends are apt to tell him, that if he had not tumbled into a Ship, he had long ago dropt from the Gallows.

The best of this Order, is commonly the worst in the Order. Formerly he had not his Fellow; and being tickled on by the gentle Spur of Ambition, performed many pretty Actions, and little Works of Supererogation, till finding, at length, that Kissing went all by Favour, he e'en paul'd Capstan, and turn'd a sociable Sot, like the rest of his Brethren.

The Captain's Steward,

IS one that will grow as sour as the very Wine he sells, to find himself plac'd at the Fag-end of a Midshipman; for he's some Inches above him in his own Conceit.

He values himself upon the Reputation of being a sharp Fellow, and of turning every Thing he fingers into Gold. He is a great *Virtuoso*, that's certain, for he has been for many Years a close Student in both the Universities of *Newgate* and the *Gate-house*;

and having at last pass'd his Probation at the *Old Bailey*, was, *nemine contradicente*, adjudged a qualified Person for any of his Majesty's Plantations; but considering the present Juncture, and the great Need that *Europe* might have of him, he came to have the Navy assigned him for his Portion. This is his Origin, which soon springs up to an envied Grandeur; for the Captain usually casting his Eye upon him, and perceiving him, by I know not what private planetary Marks, to be an Engine, form'd as it were by Providence, for his Use, immediately puts him upon probationary Essays; and finding him answer to a T— all the Lines of his Phiz, he establishes him his Steward directly.

Having thus wrigg'd himself into his Captain's good Graces, he endeavours to fix them, by following his Leader in all his Paces; which he does so exactly, that in less than a Twelve-month he obtains that Garland of Praise, *Like Master, like Man*.

Various are the Parts his Charge consists of; but the chiefest Branch is running
ning

ning of Goods, and ruining of Sailors: For these, and other such like valuable Services, the King is made Debtor to him Midshipman's Pay, with a farther Promise of a Purser or Gunner's War-rant, if not a Commission.

But he's too staunch a Knave to trust to vain Hopes and fair Promises; so he takes Care to make Hay while the Sun shines, and shuffles and cuts with every one that has to do with him.

He's indeed his Captain's right Hand, wherewith he performs all his Sights, and can no more be without him, than a Bawdy-house without a Pimp, or a Ship without a Long-boat.

He's a smart Fellow at common Arithmetick, and shall multiply ye Pounds and Shillings, without setting Pen to Paper. He pretends to no spherical Problems, yet has mathematical Magick enough to raise himself above the World, by the single Rotation of a Penny.

He has the best and quickest Draught for Liquors, of all the other Sutlers; for the Tars like best to shelter themselves under the Shadow of his Wings,
be-

because they know well, that their Captain's to be found at the Bottom of his Accompts.

Tho' he drinks his Master's Health most of any, he's the readiest Man living to make him sick with good Liquor. 'Tis a fortunate Day indeed, if he gets him dead drunk, for then is the critical Minute to nick him.

His Master does oftentimes feel the Rogue bite, and is ready to stab him for it ; but he stands still upon his Guard with that two-edg'd Cutter, *I do by you as you do by the King ; and so shake Hands, Brother.*

He makes a great Difference betwixt Knaves and Knaves ; a Knave of Sense, is a Man of Repute, but a downright Knave is a Rogue without any Consideration. Hence it is, that however he tricks his Captain in other things, his Plate and Dishes are every Day forthcoming, for he's resolved never to be a Rogue where he's sure to pay for it.

He would make an excellent Tide-waiter to a Custom-house, for he has bubbld so many of them himself,
that—

that— ; but he's gone—. The Captain's Bell calls him to usher in the Apple-dumplings, so let us e'en turn about, and view honest *Jack* the Sailor.

A Sailor,

IS a sharp Blade indeed, if kept whetted with good Diet; but bad Usage makes him as dull and useless as an old Razor.

The better Sailor he is, he becomes the more lazy, and fancies himself like a Sheet-Anchor, to be reserved for desperate Occasions; but his Laziness does not so much proceed from his Disposition as his Disgust, for he has been an active pretty Fellow, and would be so still, were he but fairly dealt with; but, a pox on't, cries he, the useful Cur's made to turn the Spit, while my Lady's Lap-dog runs away with the Roast-meat.

He troubles not his Head with old or new Stiles, but measures his Span of Life by the Moon, and wonders at the Simplicity of *Partridge*, and the rest of them, that stint our Years only to
twelve

twelve Months. The King (God bless him!) is the only Almanack-maker for his Money, who honestly stretches them out to a Baker's Dozen.

His first Labour in a Morning is to hawl open his Eye-lids, for it costs him many a Rub with his Paws, before he can make his Top-lights to shine clearly: After this, and a few hearty Yawns, he crawls up upon Deck, to the Piss-dale, where, while he manages his Whip-staff with one Hand, he scratches his Poop with the other, and gaping all the while aloft at the Vane, if he finds it blow fair, he furls his Brows, and curses its Inconstancy most heartily; for there's no Voyage to him like that of riding at Anchor Wind-bound. He loves short Voyages, as he does short Prayers, and it is hard to say which of the two he makes ofteneft.

He had rather run upon the *Goodwin*, than run to *Jamaica*; and believes there is no Cross like the crossing the Equinoctial; for let the old Sophists dream as they please of *Torrid Zones*, for his Part, he has always found there very cold Comfort.

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And hence it is, perhaps, he creeps so near the Sun in those Regions, for he's sure to sleep Mast-height above his wonted Habitation.

He has a Wife, that's certain, tho' he has least Occasion of any Man living for one, for he has every Thing made and dress'd to his Hand; and he that cannot be his own Laundress is no Sailor.

But marry he must, because his Forefathers did so before him, and seldom does he miss of an admirable Breeder; for after the Wedding-night, he may put up his Tools, and be gone, for he shall be sure to find her cackling, tho' he come not Home till three Years after.

When salt Water separates them, they prove as good as an Annuity to the Post-Office; for though she can write no more than a Mermaid, yet by the Help of some two-penny Scribbler, she will always return him a *Rowland* for his *Oliver*.

Their Epistles run all in the same Tone, *Know one, know all*; and truly 'tis worth your while to read one of them,

them, which you may do without breaking up either Seals or Secrets ; for 'tis the same old Song of *Stark Love and Kindness*, which they have pip'd to each other these many Years, and all lock'd up under a Piece of black Pitch or Rosin.

His whole Trust is on the Wind and Sea, that are as inconstant and treacherous as a Woman, and he knows it ; but what can a Man do, that is link'd to all three by the Chain of Destiny ? The best Way is to look well out, he cries ; and truly he trusts just to his Wife's Smiles, as he would to a smooth Sea ; he knows full well, what a Change in both an Hour can produce.

He can no more sleep in Sheets than in a Horse-pond ; and put him into a Feather-Bed, he shall fancy he's sinking streight, and fall to swimming all Weathers ; but sling him up in a Hammock, and he shall ly a whole Night as dormant as *Mahomet* hanging betwixt two Load-stones.

If ever he's troubled with Dreams, 'tis when he's reduced to very short Allowance, and then truly he oft fancies

cies himself a mauling off the Roast-meat in *Smock-Alley*, till unluckily he bites his Fingers thro' Greediness, and that wakes the poor Slave, who is ready to weep, to find his Stomach baulk'd so confoundedly.

His chief Station is that Hill of *Parnassus*, the Forecastle; here he and his Brother *Jacks* lie pelting each other with Sea Wiv, and toss Jest and Oaths about as thick and fast, as Boys do Squibs on a Coronation-day.

No Man can have a greater Contempt for Death, for every Day he constantly shits upon his own Grave, and dreads a Storm no more, than he does a broken Head, when drunk. He has met so many Escapes, that his Mind is grown as callous as his Palms, and dreams no more that he shall be drown'd, than be damn'd; and yet he may meet with both, when he the least thinks on't.

He looks then most formidable, when others would appear most drooping; for see him in bad Weather, in his Fur-cap and whapping large Watch-coat, and you'd swear the

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Czar

Cesar was returned once more from *Muscovy*; yet he's never in his true Figure, but within a pitch'd Jacket, and then he's as invulnerable to a Cudgel, as a Hog in Armour.

Nothing makes him droop, like an empty Brandy-bottle; whilst there's any thing in it, he sticks by't as close as the Load-stone does to cold Iron: Plenty of this, and a *Mediterranean* Sun, makes him as dry and huskish in one Summer, as a toasted Bisket, to the great Discomfort of his disappointed Doxy, who finds him more sapless than a squeez'd Lemon, and as unpalatable to her as chop'd Straw in *Spain* is to an *English* Mare.

Let him rise never so early, his Stomach is sure to rise with him. His common Breakfast is a salt Mouthful, a dry Dram, and a Pipe of Tobacco. Fortify'd with this infernal Recipe, he's as insensible of our *Northern* Blasts, as a Gun, or a Knighthead.—

He is not so nice as his Superiors, whom nothing will go down with, under right *Nantz* or Rum; he shall gulph ye down the rankest Stinkibus with

with as good a Gusto as a *Teague* does *Usquebaugh*, and not be a Doit the worse for it.

His darling Liquor is Flip, which makes him as fat as a Porpoise, and as valiant as *Scanderbergb*. Instigated by this courageous Hotch-potch, he shall make a clear Stage where e'er he comes, and box the very Main-mast. This is his sovereign Charm against Fear in an Engagement; the more he drinks the warmer he fights, tho', God knows, his Shots fly all at Random.

He's one that is the greatest Prisoner, and the greatest Rambler in *Christendom*; there is not a Corner of the World but he visits, and yet the poor Slave very rarely makes one Step beyond the Sight of his old Habitation; but when he does get ashore, he pays it off with a Vengeance; for knowing his Time to be but short, he crowds much in a little Room, and lives as fast as possible.

His first Care is, to truck some old cumbersome Coat or other, for a good warm Lining to his Belly; and then

to be sure his Courage is up, and he must have a Brush with some Vessel of Iniquity or other. He's sure to board the very first he sees, and carries her streight, without Expence of Shot or Powder; but unlucky *Fortune*, that should favour the Bold, leaves him in the Lurch; for, instead of meeting with a Purchase, he finds himself grappled to a Fireship, who sets him in such a Flame in a Twinkling, that all the Water-Grewel in the Universe can't save him.

He's so often us'd to reeling at Sea, that when he's reeling drunk ashore, he takes it for granted to be a Storm aboard, and falls to throwing every thing out at the Windows, to save the Vessel of a Bawdy-house.

His Furlow is commonly but a Night or so; and it is well for him it is no longer, for he needs but a Week to spend a Twelvemonth's Pay in Reversion. If he has a Reversion clear of Incumbrances, it is a Wonder, and makes him think upon Pay-day much oftener than the Day of Judgment.

But after long waiting 't comes at last,

last, and brings him a whole Hat-full of Money: If he be sober at that Juncture, he's damnably puzzled in contriving the Ways and Means how to spend it; but if, as he commonly is, elevated with Flip, he scorns to spend one Thought upon the Matter, but streight, while 'tis yet warm in his Cap, fairly sits down to the Cards or Hazard, and generously throws it all away before Sun-set.

If *Fortune* runs on his Side, he's yet not a Tester the better for it: 'Tis below him to pocket up Gains, he cries, and gallantly throws it about the Deck, like Hail-shot. In fine, while his *Mammon* lasts, he's a mad Fellow, and is every now and then playing some Dog-trick or other, for which he is soundly bit by a Cat of Nine-tails; and yet he shall have him as proud of the Wales on his Back, as a *Holy-Land* Pilgrim is of a *Jerusalem* Print; so that there's no bringing him to his true Temperament again, but by subjoining the Bilboes, with a Week's Dieting upon *Adam's* Ale and dry Biscuit. This effectually recovers him, and makes

him as sober as a Bishop, which is a convincing Proof, that Water has far greater Virtues in it than we imagine.

He constantly shuts up the Week with a Debauch, for he believes it an unpardonable Crime to neglect celebrating his Wife's Memory on *Sunday-Eve*; and of all his Sins of Omission, this is the only one that he never is wilfully guilty of; for if he have Money or Credit, or but a Rag to his Buttocks, he'll part with all, to purchase a socking-bout that Night, where he drinks to the Memory of his Concubine so heartily, that he quite drowns her in Oblivion. It would be a shameful Scandal to go off Master of his Legs upon that Occasion, so down he drops at last athwart some greasy Chest, and there lies as dead as a Door-nail, till raised to Life again next Morning by the dreadful Dooms-day Sound of the Boatswain; *Get up, all Hands to Prayers, and be damned.* Up he gets streight at this, yet with such a Reluctancy, as if he was going to be damned indeed.

Thus, betwixt sleeping and waking,
he

he crawls along to the Place of Worship, where he drops upon his Knees or Posteriors, as Providence best orders it, and falls most devoutly asleep again.

The Sermon being shut up, he opens his Eyes, for he awakes by a natural Instinct, whensoever the Boatswain pipes to Dinner; away he marches with a much better Stomach to his rusty Pork, than to the best spiritual Diet in Christendom.

If he sprinkle any Grace over the Platter, it is a plain Symptom that his Maw is out of Order; which is a Misfortune that rarely befalls him: But if he be in his ordinary Trim, he begins the Attack without Ceremony, and neither asks for Grace or Mustard to his Victuals.

He proportions his Cut of Meat to the Size of his Plate, and both this and that he champs down together. He is as unacquainted with a Fork as a Stone-horse; and while he has a Rag to his Arse, he scorns to make use of a Napkin; but if his Allowance be very short, he is sure to lick his Paws well

well before he wipes them on his Breeches.

After his Teeth are laid, he commemorates the best in Christendom (meaning his Wife to be sure) in mortifying gripe gut Beer, and in a Can as big and nasty as a Piss-barrel; and yet he takes as hearty a Down-hawl as an old Bawd tugging at a large Rummer of Rhenish and Sugar.

He has fifty cunning Ways of raising a Penny to his own Ruin; and all to purchase a little stinking Spirits, which yet he buys at double the Price of right Brandy, and sometimes dearer. Thus, before he has compleated a Summer's Voyage, he has swallowed down a Twelvemonth's Pay as glibly as a Jugler does a Knife, without ever being suspected a Conjuror for it.

He's a rare Dog under an honest Commander, and will fight everlastingly, if he can but have Justice at the End of his Labours; but to receive all the Knocks, and none of the Moneys, is the Devil, and gripes him worse than the Purser's Wine-Vinegar.

Tho'

Tho' he is a very stout Fellow, he's nothing of a Soldier (Thanks to his negligent Officers); he can no more answer to the Right, or to the Left, than a Crab-Loufe; but bid him Star-board, or Port, and he's as quick as an Eel; but no Man can bring him to face about, such a stiff-necked Cur is he.

He loves his Honour like Roast-Beef, and is ready to spend his Blood upon any fair quarrellsome Occasion. His Hands are seldom his own when he's drunk, and yet they become his Bosom-Friends when he's sober, for he generally carries them stopped within his Breast, or his Pockets; not so much to keep his Heart, or his Money close within Board, but out of a pure moral Principle of not exposing his best Friends, they being the only two he has to trust to.

It is hard to say which he can box best, his Brother Tar, or his Compass; he's *in utroque magnus*, that's certain, and has both of them at his Fingert-ends.

But tho' he handles his Hands the
best

best of any Man, he trusts most to his Head, like all other horned Cattle, and does manage it with as much Skill and Force, as any Bull or Ram whatever. He values it most for being Bullet-proof; and should it give way in staving a But-head, he would not deem it worth the wearing.

If ever he drown, it must be with good Liquor; for he swims like a Fish in Salt Water, and by much practising in hot Countries, gets a Skin not much unlike a Red-Herring.

If you find him with Mustachios, he's certainly a Size above ordinary in his own Conceit; aye, and is fancied so too by the Women, who wisely infer, that a stiff Pair of Whiskers must needs spring from some secret stiffening Cause or other.

His Thoughts reach not much above the Top-mast-head, and he pretends not to penetrate beyond his Eyesight. He has seen in his Days more than enough to have made any thinking Creature wise and honest; but this poor Composition of Beef and Oatmeal views all Things, as Sheep do the

the Stars, or a Cart-Horse what passes in *Cheap-side*, without any After-Thought or Reflexion.

If his Breeding has been North of *Yarmouth*, he is distinguished with the Title of *Collier's Nag*; and indeed he is a rare Horse that will never fail you in bad Weather, being as insensible to Rain, Cold, or Thunder, as a Cannon-bullet. He is generally above the common Size of other Tars, in Bulk, Strength, and Courage, which is mainly owing to his Northern Diet, which he thinks on with a heavy Heart every Time he sees a good Coal fire.

He is a great Admirer of North-Country Beef and Pease-Pudding, yet allows *Newcastle* Ale and Salmon to be the most superlative Diet in the Universe.

He's as yare at the Hand-lead in shoal Waters, as a Weaver at his Shuttle; and tho' he should feel himself within half a Foot of Ruin, he'll sing ye forth his Soundings with as pleasant a Note, as a Thief shall a Psalm at *Tyburn*. In fine, for Yard-arm, Whip-staff, or stowing of an Anchor,

chor, he is the best of Sailors; but as to higher Matters, he leaves them to deep-read Scholars; for he has no more Notion of Navigation than an *African* of Snow, or a blind Man of Colours.

His usual Stay abroad is 9 or 12 Months; at his Return, he looks like a Martyr newly risen from a Salivation Tub, and has not Courage enough to send in Post-haste for his Wife from *Wapping*; yet the first Thing he meets with, is a Letter from her, congratulating his fortunate Arrival, in a great measure owing to her ardent Endeavours; and assuring him, that she has not had one Belly-full of Satisfaction in his Absence.

The next Thing he meets with, is his Pinch-gut Money, which he turns into Provender immediately, for he hates to be a Debtor to his Belly. This, with a little Credit ashore, brings him in Gelt again, and then he must go to *London*, tho' he lose his Pay for his Labour.

Here he becomes the *Primum Mobile* of all Hurly-burlies, and the Terror of

of the ~~Wool~~ Weavers. No Mus-
sick-house but has his Presence; but of
all Things, *Hockley in the Hole* is the
Hole for his Money; next to this is a
public Cavalcade, where he makes a
hellish Pother, and throws away his
Hat among the dirty Crowd, out of
pure Extasy. Thus he lives, till he
can live no longer thus, and then off
he puts to Sea again, to fish for more
Silver.

In fine, take this same plain blunt
Sea-Animal, by and large, in his Tar-
Jacket, and wide-kneed Trowzers,
and you'll find him of more intrinsick
Value to the Nation, than the most
fluttering Beau in it; and yet he's in-
finitely short of what he has been in
the Days of *Yore*, when Partiality and
Self-interest were less in Fashion.

Our Ships of War are undisputably
the best in the World, and so might
the Sailors be too; for all depends
upon the Merit and Honesty of the
Commander, who models every thing
as he pleases; and if he valued the In-
terest of his Country above an ill-got
Estate, he might in one Twelvemonth

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Fonzels, erected to maintain the Ho-
nour, and secure the Grandeur of our
glorious Island, is, by the supine Ne-
gligence of some, and indirect Practi-
ces of others, grown almost a Burden
to the State, by becoming a kind of
Pest-house to the most strong, active,
and useful Part of the People, who
often offner fall by home than foreign
Enemies.

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